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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rough Sketches of the Life of an Old Soldier.

By Lieut.-Col. J. Leach, C.B. 8vo. pp. 411.
London, 1831. Longman and Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING all we have read of the Peninsular war and of Waterloo; the details of general movements, battles, and sieges; the individual adventures and sufferings of officers and soldiers; we have perused the volume before us with much interest. There is no affectation about the narrative; it is a clear running account of a military life of twenty-one years, spent in various quarters of the world, and distinguished by those thousand accidents, by flood and field, which occur in actual service. The West Indies, the North of Europe, and the Continent generally, were the scenes on which Col. Leach gathered his experience and laurels; and, in modestly describing the occasions, he has produced a work creditable to himself, and likely to be popular with the public.

Having introduced it with this slight exordium, we shall only offer a few brief extracts in support of our opinion; for, though the principal events of the war are painted in a particularly attractive style, we would rather leave them to the readers of the book itself, than fill our pages with statements, the chief features of which are so well known. In short, we select little incidents in preference to grand affairs, and commence with the retreat from Talavera. Col. L. tells us,—

“As neither bread, meat, nor rations of any kind, were to be had, General Crawford ordered that any animals in the shape of cattle, sheep, or pigs, which could be found in the extensive woods in which we halted for the evening, should forthwith be put in requisition for the troops; and never do I remember having seen orders so promptly obeyed. A most furious attack was instantly made on a large herd of pigs, which, most fortunately for us, little dreamt of the fate that awaited them, or, I presume, they would have absconded on our first appearance in the forest. It would be useless to attempt a description of the scene of noise and confusion which ensued. The screeches and cries of those ill-fated swine, as they met their death at the point of the bayonet, the sword, or sergeant's pike, and the rapidity with which they were cut up into junks, with the hair on, and fried on the lids of camp-kettles, or toasted at the fire on a pointed stick, to allay the cravings of hunger of some thousands of half-famished soldiers, was quite incredible, and, I must add, truly ludicrous. As neither bread, salt, nor vegetables, were to be procured, it must be confessed that the repast was a singular one, although it was eaten with the greatest *goût*, and was washed down with some water from a rivulet hard by. At midnight we resumed our march.”

The following is but one of many individual touches which exhibit the horrors of war. We highly commend the author for not giving us too many of such illustrations—a vice too com-

mon with most preceding writers on similar subjects.

“Being stationed at Almofala early in March, I witnessed a disgusting and cruel sight. Having gone with another officer to the mountainous bank which overhangs the river not far from the village, to visit the picket, we perceived a French soldier, *unarmed*, running down the mountain on the opposite side of the river, no doubt with the intention of trying to cross over and desert to us. Three Spanish shepherds, who were tending their sheep on the same side of the river, intercepted him, and beat him to death with their clubs in less time than it has taken me to write an account of the sickening sight. We called out, and made signals to them to desist, and to spare him, but in vain. We fired several shots over their heads to intimidate them, but it had no effect, and the butchery went on without our being able to interfere, or to interrupt those savages in what they considered, no doubt, a most patriotic and meritorious exploit. A deluge of rain had so swollen the river, which roared at the foot of the mountain, that to pass it was impossible; and, indeed, could we have effected it, the blood-thirsty shepherds would have escaped, before we could by possibility have reached them. To have inflicted the summary punishment on them with a rifle ball, which we all felt well inclined to do, would have been only an act of justice; but it was a step, nevertheless, which the higher authorities would have visited with a heavy punishment. If the number of men which the French army lost by assassinations of a similar kind, during the whole of the war in the Peninsula, could be ascertained, it would be an interesting and extraordinary document. Much as every man, possessing the slightest degree of humanity, must abhor the inhuman system of killing stragglers, adopted by the Spaniards, great allowance must, nevertheless, be made for them, who thus retaliated for the countless acts of cruelty committed by their invaders.”

Among the worst of these may be instanced Gen. Loison, of whom Col. Leach says,—

“The name of Loison will not be forgotten by the Portuguese of the present generation; for he was one of the most cruel of their invaders, and at the time he commanded a division in Junot's army, in 1808, previous to the convention at Cintra, permitted such atrocities to be perpetrated by the troops under his command, as would have disgraced a band of untutored savages.”

The description of the natives behind our famous lines of Torres Vedras affords a frightful idea of these universal sufferings.

“Thousands of the unfortunate inhabitants of the provinces through which our army had recently retreated, had abandoned their homes, and were endeavouring to exist between Lisbon and the lines. There was, therefore, an immense population hemmed up in a small space of country, hundreds of them without a house to cover them, or food to eat, except

what was afforded by the bounty of the rich at Lisbon, and by the liberal subscriptions raised for them in England. In the course of the winter, the number of Portuguese who actually died of want was quite dreadful. It was not unusual to see hordes of those poor wretches, old and young, male and female, in rags, the very pictures of death, seated in despair on the wet ground, round a miserable fire, on which was placed an earthen vessel, full of such herbs as could be gathered in the fields and hedges. Thousands contrived to drag on a miserable existence on this vile sustenance. Their death-like, emaciated faces were sufficient to have touched the heart of the most callous and unfeeling. The British soldiers assisted them by every means in their power; and in the Light Division (as well as, I conclude, in every other) soup was made from the heads and offal of the cattle killed for the troops, and distributed amongst the starving inhabitants. I have a thousand times wished it were possible that every man, woman, and child, of all ranks, in England, could have been transported to this heart-rending scene only for five minutes; that by having had an insight into the various miseries to which the ill-fated inhabitants of the theatre of war are inevitably subjected, they might return satisfied, and bless their stars that an army of Frenchmen were not riding rough-shod over old England, and inflicting on its people similar miseries to those which I have attempted to describe.”

When the French broke up and were pursued by our troops, we were half amused by a rather novel military adventure, which the author thus relates:—

“At night our division was ordered into a large pine-wood, to make ourselves as comfortable as we could; but in which we passed as cheerless a night as one uninterrupted deluge of rain might be supposed to produce. Hoping to escape in some measure from the fury of the storm, many of us crept into an old water-course in the wood, in which, rolled up in our cloaks, and doubled up with wet and cold, we did contrive, nevertheless, to fall asleep. But it is impossible to forget being suddenly awake, a short time afterwards, and feeling myself all at once buoyed up and floating down the little ravine, in the same plight as if I had been dragged under a ship from stem to stern. There was a general outcry from all the party who had sought refuge in this water-course, and a scramble to get on *terra firma* took place. Taking a few mouthfuls of rum and a cigar, the remainder of the night was spent at the foot of a fir-tree, smoking, shivering, and cursing our stupidity for having taken up so injudicious a position.”

Another, though equally cold affair, is also characteristic of a soldier's vicissitudes.

“The whole country, from Salamanca to Rueda, is one vast sunburnt plain, with scarcely a tree, but abounding with corn, and, near the Douro, with vines. All the towns and villages in this part of the country may literally be called so many wine-vaults. Every house and

street is excavated, and filled with white wine of tolerably good quality. Descending, after a long day's march under a roasting sun, into those deep cellars, where the air and wine were both like ice, was no trifling luxury; the transition being nearly as great as from the equator to the pole. This, however pleasant, might be supposed to have been an unsafe experiment. The only inconvenience, however, complained of, was, that the wine was so cool and delicious, as to render it no easy matter to ascend the long flight of steps, and to regain our billets above ground. Several stragglers who were found in the wine-cellars by the Spaniards, after the French rear-guard had left Rueda, and before we arrived, were put to death; and we saw several others in the churchyard, cut and lacerated in a shocking manner. The system of warfare carried on between the Spaniards and French was revolting to the greatest possible degree."

We give one spectacle more of a remarkable nature: the French had been driven from Portugal and Spain, and our brave army was now pursuing them over the "sacred territory of France," when Colonel Leach says:

"The 25th of August being the anniversary of the formation of our corps, (the rifle corps, or 95th,) the three battalions of it determined, if our French neighbours did not interfere, to dine together, on the banks of the Bidasson, in our camp-ground. Having constructed a long rude table, with benches round it equally so, seventy-three officers sat down to such a dinner as we could scrape together, under a large hut made of the branches of trees, and within a short distance of the most advanced French sentinels. They looked down on us from the heights of Vera, but were too civil and well-behaved to disturb the harmony of so jovial a set of fellows. Neither vocal nor instrumental music was wanting after the feast; and, with the aid of cigars and black strap, we enjoyed the most extraordinary *fête champêtre* I ever witnessed—as may easily be imagined, from the singularity of our situation, and the possibility of our being hurried from the festive board to stand to our arms."

The whole volume presents to us the view of privations succeeded by pleasures, the more vividly enjoyed from their rapid alternations with dangers,—the snatches, as it were, of glimpses of happiness while encircled by the arms of death. The present moment is indeed the soldier's eternity, during such a war as that from 1807 to 1815, when Waterloo crowned the whole with immortal glory.

Among his recreations, our author appears to have been devoted to field sports, and whenever an opportunity offered, his dog and gun were in requisition. We extract an illustration.

"In the forest of Albuquerque, a few leagues distant, are red deer, wild boars, wolves, and foxes. To that forest we made several excursions, taking with us some of our best marksmen, and sleeping the night before in the small walled town of Oguilla, which is on the borders of the forest. Several fine red deer were killed, one of which, a very large stag, I was so fortunate as to bring down with a ball. Although neither wolves nor wild boars were brought to bag, we nevertheless had some shots at them. I look back on those excursions as amongst the happiest days of my life. General Crawford directed that the regiments of his division should frequently be marched to the river Caya, about four miles distant, to bathe. This was done independently by battalions. Trifling occurrences sometimes make lasting impressions; and the animated scene which

our visit to the river produced I have never forgotten. Not only do I cherish the recollection of days long gone by, which were full of excitement, but I derive indescribable pleasure from placing before me, in battle array, some of those 'trifles light as air'; one of which, relative to our bathing excursions in the Caya, shall be detailed in as small a compass as possible. Whether the intention of General Crawford^{*} was, that the regiments should march to the river to bathe as fully armed and accoutred as if they were about to mount guard in some stiff-starched garrison, I cannot say; but I know that every corps did harness and march forth to the river in that form, except our own. Colonel Beckwith, on the contrary, always ordered our men, on these occasions, to take with them neither arms, accoutrements, knapsacks, nor anything except their light fatigue dress, foraging-caps, and a stick, for a purpose which shall immediately be explained. The officers were desired to take with them their fowling-pieces and greyhounds; and in this light, easy attire we marched to the river. As soon as we were clear of the walls of Campo Maior, the whole battalion was extended in one long line in skirmishing order, bringing rather forward the wings, and proceeding in this manner straight across the great plain to the river. Hares, rabbits, and partridges, were soon started at all points; when such shooting, coursing, and knocking down with sticks and stones, and such *mobbing* of quadrupeds and birds commenced, that a game-preserving John Bull would undoubtedly have stigmatised us as a most nefarious corps of poachers. The process of bathing having been duly performed, the same scene took place on our return to the town; and the spirit and glee with which all hands entered into the sport may easily be conceived. Those who know nothing of the habits of the red-legged partridge, would be surprised to be told that we frequently made parties to ride them down. I can fancy the incredulous stare of some of my countrymen, if they heard any person bold enough to make such an assertion. But that it is not more strange than true, there are many living witnesses to prove. If a red-legged partridge be pursued by a person on horseback whilst on the wing, and a great noise and shouting is made, he will not rise a second time, but will continue running, and at last crouch, and allow himself to be taken up. I have but rarely known them to rise and take a second flight."

With this we conclude; once more expressing the gratification we have derived from Colonel Leach's pen, which we are sure will be shared by most readers, and especially by the military and his companions in arms.

Alice Paulet. A Sequel to Sydenham; or, Memoirs of a Man of the World. By the Author of "Sydenham." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THREE most amusing and clever volumes, decidedly improvements on their predecessors—not, perhaps, in the talent they indicate, but in its more able management. The fault of *Sydenham* was being too desultory, and too crowded with *dramatis personæ*; in *Alice Paulet* the interest is more concentrated, and the characters, from being fewer, are more fully developed. *Sydenham's* portrait is a true and well-finished picture; the harshness and crudeness of some of the tints are most judiciously toned down by time—the ame-

* The author more than once impugns the military skill of this officer.

liorator of both moral and pictorial colouring. It is a curious fact, that the young are always severe in their judgments; partly from the innate distrustfulness of juvenile opinion, which is fain to err on the right side, and would be anything rather than imposed upon; and partly because experience alone makes allowances. It is not till ourselves have descended from our own early standard of perfection, that we pardon others for not having even aspired to reach it. The great characteristic of this work is its good sense: it is a picture of real life; the conclusion is shrewdly drawn, and the estimate accurately taken; and we must say for the author, that

"He is a keen observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."

We shall place the fruit of some of his observation before our readers. The following is a truly English scene and speech. On the hero's return to the country-seat, the peasantry take off the carriage-horses.

"Thus I was dragged along, amid the shouts of that portion of my friends who were excluded for want of room from the pole and splinter-bar of my vehicle. When we reached the house, I was of course set down with another tremendous round of cheering. I ascended the steps towards the door, and before I entered, turned round, took off my hat with one hand, spread the other upon my breast, and with several profound bows, and looks expressive of the deepest gratitude, gradually backed myself inside. But, as I feared, my annoyance was not at an end, for my friends were not to be so easily got rid of. After waiting a minute or two, in the vain expectation of my re-appearance, clamours began to arise for me to shew myself. Less distinct than these, but sufficiently articulate, were expressions of discontent and displeasure, and still more removed were murmurs, among which the word 'beer' was audible.—I still held back, however, hoping that, when they found their hints unnoticed, they would go about their business. This delay only increased the demonstrations of discontent, and caused the demands for 'Sydenham' and 'beer' to assume a more general and peremptory tone. Nicholls, who was at hand, now advised me to go out and say a few words, if it were only to save the windows. He had taken the precaution to have a barrel or two in readiness, if they should become so boisterous as to require that infallible quietus. Accordingly, I made my re-appearance at the summit of the hall steps, and my obedience to the popular voice was rewarded with a shout. Silence being restored, upon my signifying by my gestures that I wished to speak, I addressed the mob nearly as follows:—'Gentlemen, I trust you will pardon me, if the fatigue of my journey, and the unexpected honour which you have conferred upon me, at first so overpowered my faculties, that I was unable to express the gratitude and delight which I experienced at these most flattering testimonies of your confidence and esteem. I should be unworthy the name of Englishman, did I not consider these demonstrations as the most acceptable reward which a member of parliament can receive for his services, and an ample compensation for whatever difficulties and vexations he may have had to encounter in the honest and faithful discharge of his duty. Gentlemen, although I cannot boast of any brilliant talents or eminent services, yet I am conscious of having endeavoured to promote your interests to the best of my ability; and as no man can do more, whatever may be his success, I am not ashamed to shew my face.—[Bravo! hurra! well done!

you're an honest chap !]—Gentlemen, I deeply regret that circumstances over which I have no control, must preclude the possibility of my becoming a candidate for the honour of your suffrages at the ensuing election ; but, nevertheless, as I trust it is unnecessary for me to assure you, my interest in your welfare and happiness is, and ever must be, unabated.—[Cheers.] Gentlemen,—after a pause, in order to judge whether the last resort was necessary,—Gentlemen, a barrel of beer will be brought you immediately, and I hope, after you have drunk my health, you will disperse with that sobriety and good order which has always distinguished you. Tremendous cheering, under cover of which I retired." Popularity is an expensive thing.

The defence of the world is very amusingly managed :—

"The world has always appeared to me a most ill-used and long-suffering being. It is represented as a monster of vice and folly. Not a crime or absurdity can be committed, but it must be abused and ridiculed as the author. Not a reprobate, genteel or vulgar, can take the road to ruin, but the world must be execrated as his seducer. It is belaboured weekly by the parsons, daily by the press in every shape, from the sermon to the play, and hourly by individuals of all sorts and sizes ; nay, even many of its own members, who either live on its bounty, or share in its pleasures, will sneer at it to its very face. Does the world ever retaliate, or even murmur under this load of calumny ? Does it ever protest against the hardship of being made responsible for the iniquities and absurdities of those who are predestinated fools and scoundrels ? or of having the abuse of the advantages and pleasures which it offers described as its real characteristics ? Does it ever insinuate that all the slander with which it is overwhelmed proceeds either from the malice and spleen of those who have been disappointed in their speculations upon its good nature and patronage, or from knaves and imbeciles, who are glad to father their villanies and weaknesses upon it ? Does it ever complain of the gross injustice and bitter spirit of persecution with which all its foibles are searched out, dragged to light, and made the theme of every species of invective, reproach, and scorn, while a thick veil is kept carefully drawn over its virtues ? Does it ever vaunt of the admirable policy by which it preserves the honour of both sexes—making the slightest stain upon the reputation of the one an indelible blot ; and the smallest breach of truth, honesty, or courage, irreparable in the other ? Does it remind its detractors that it gives every facility to improvement, submits patiently to chastisement, whether it be the terrible scourge of genius, or the feeble stroke of a puny whisperer, and yields a ready obedience to the deliberate voice of public opinion ? In short, does it challenge its opponents to investigate human nature, and to produce a scheme of society which shall secure to mankind a greater average of virtue, wisdom, and happiness, than it can afford ? So much for the world ; which, though I admit, like every thing human, it is not exempt from faults, is, I must maintain, upon the whole, of an amiable character, and utterly undeserving of the indiscriminate abuse which is lavished upon it from every side."

The master-mind of a small borough is a clever sketch :—

"I believe that most boroughs, both rotten and sound, have a master-mind who manages the matter, and whose influence all the parties

concerned acknowledge, though none can give you a satisfactory reason why he possesses it. Perhaps, however, few of these master-minds were gifted with the qualities which constitute the character in such an eminent degree as my friend Ball. He was, in fact, the most completely clever fellow I ever met with in his class of life ; not even excepting my own man, Nicholls, about whom there was rather too much bustle of pretension. The ex-mayor of P— was likewise endowed with an effrontery which nothing could daunt ; and when he was in a jocular mood and knew his company, he could be exceedingly pleasant upon the subject of himself and his conduct. In fact, he was proud of being called a knave ; for he said (or it was said for him) that the epithet implied a superior mind ; and he was flattered at having his assurance admired, because it was an evidence of moral courage. The reader is aware how he used me. It was chiefly by his intrigues that I was deprived of that control over the one seat for P— which remained in my family, after it had abandoned half of the borough, in order to strengthen their tenure of the remainder. He then treated with me as a stranger, and took my money, in consideration of which I was duly elected ; but because, subsequently, a more advantageous offer was made by Lord Davenport, he hands over, without a moment's hesitation, the whole concern to that noble lord. The Havilands, however, who were versed in every variety of political intrigue, threatened to prove too many for a man who, however great his ability, was familiar only with provincial practice. They feared, no doubt, the personal power of Ball, as having too much the character of an *imperium in imperio*, and their first measure after getting into the borough, was to put a plot in operation, the object of which was, to deprive Ball of his influence, and to vest it in some other person who should be a mere tool of their own. The sagacity of the ex-mayor quickly discerns his danger, and takes prompt and vigorous measures against it. He sees that the popular feeling of P— has taken a religious complexion, and forthwith he forsakes Dr. Haviland's congregation, and sends in his adhesion to Lankey, to whose party he is an important acquisition. But he takes a step of still greater importance. He agitates and canvasses actively, and secretly and suddenly raises up the banner of REFORM, under the very nose of the noble marquess, who starts back at the horrible apparition, like the Jew in Scott's romance from the uplifted shield of brawn. Ball's plan was, in fact, nothing less than to open the borough. Several attempts to this effect had been made by adventurers, but had been frustrated by him, and indeed the scheme was hopeless, while he continued to support the corporation interests ; but, now that he opposed them, there was little doubt that he would succeed, supported as he was by all the town's-people, who, under the existing system, were deprived of the elective franchise."

If the ensuing anecdote be not true, at least it is very probable, which is as much as can be said of most.

"I here, of course, praised his 'fine boys,' asked their ages, and addressed the urchins themselves, awkwardly enough I dare say, though I hope in a rather more fortunate style than that of an old bachelor of my acquaintance, who, when a young married lady presented her first-born darling to him for his meed of admiration, not knowing exactly what to say to the poor little gummy wretch, tapped it under the chin, with 'Aha, little beast!'

to the astonishment, disgust, and indignation of the pretty mother."

How true is our next extract !

"Men of superior talents, who have generally ardent imaginations, are much more easily deceived by women than those of a more ordinary character. Their fancy invests the object of their admiration with qualities which she does not possess, and they identify the celestial phantom of which they are enamoured with the frail mortal who is the ostensible object of their love."

There is also truth, and truth most judiciously put, in the remarks on duelling. "Submit the practice of duelling to the test of abstract reason, and its absurdity is palpably manifest. Law hath denounced it with capital punishment, and her decree has been abundantly supported by the arguments of the wise and the good. But the manners and prejudices of society have set at naught law, though seconded (as doth not always happen) by religion, morality, and wisdom. And I fear that until we approach a little nearer perfectibility, we must be content to tolerate the duel, however absurd and iniquitous. It represses tyranny, for it places the strong and the weak upon a level. It checks insolence by the fear of chastisement ; and as the last remnant of chivalry, it must be considered as the guardian of that habit of humanity and courtesy of behaviour, which it contributed to introduce. These, it may be said, are arguments drawn from expediency, to advocate what is wrong ; but this is the age of expediency."

Our hunting squirearchy are not very favourably depicted ; we take one observation.

"The conversation at one time turned upon a young lady of the neighbourhood, who was just coming out, and of whom one gentleman expressed himself so warm an admirer, that he swore he would call his favourite mare after her ; the highest compliment, I believe, that a sportsman can pay to a favoured one of the other sex. A delicate attention, assuredly, to have the name of her one admires, and perhaps loves, profaned by the rude lips of grooms and stable-boys ! 'Dress Lady Georgiana ! Take Lady Georgiana to water ! Give Lady Georgiana a feed ! Clean Lady Georgiana's bed !'

In the third volume our young author (for young he evidently is, by his warmth,) gets upon political ground : he is a staunch Tory ; and it is a good sign for a young man to be in earnest, whether right or wrong in his opinions on such matters, which this is no place to decide. Any one can vouch for the graphic reality of the following "reform scenes."

"In the gossip which always attends any measure of importance, the different reports and assertions which are confidently made respecting its fate are amusing enough. 'The bill,' says one careful calculator in its favour, 'will be carried by sixty-five.' 'I know,' says an oppositionist, with equally scrupulous accuracy, 'that it will be thrown out by a majority of forty-two.' 'There is to be no division,' affirms a third. 'Shall you vote for the bill ?' said I to a Tory country gentleman. 'Why, I suppose I must,' answered he ; 'they'll dissolve if it does not pass, and I can't afford to stand another election just now ; besides, they say there'll be an insurrection in the country if it is thrown out.' 'It'll never get through the Lords,' said one dandy against, to another for the measure. 'I'll bet you six to four—thousands,' was the conclusive argument in reply. In fact the bill was a very fertile source of gambling, and it was said that there was as

much money upon it as upon the Derby. In fact, at the time, this topic superseded every other. The spirit of politics forced its way even into drawing-rooms, and usurped the throne of fashion. Young men talked to their partners with much complacency of their prospects in the scramble which was to take place; and ladies spoke with alarm of the times, and the dreadful reform measure. 'Do you really think there will be a revolution?' inquired a very pretty woman of me, as of one from whom she expected authentic information. 'No doubt of it,' was my grave reply. 'But are you serious?' 'I am indeed.' 'And—and what will be the consequences?' rejoined the fair inquirer, who, having ascertained that there was to be a revolution, now desired to know what a revolution was. 'The consequences,' answered I, 'are too numerous to be detailed. I can only mention a few, which will be among the earliest. The opera will certainly be put down by act of parliament; the patronesses of Almack's will be dismissed, and their places filled up by tradesmen's wives; so that, instead of waiting with guardsmen, you will be obliged to content yourself with apprentices, if, indeed, you are so fortunate as to get a subscription. So I advise you to make interest betimes in the proper quarters.' 'I am sure, then, I hope the odious bill will be thrown out,' said the lady; who, however, knowing my character, was not quite sure that I was not quizzing her. This reminds me of a conversation which at this period I overheard in the street between two 'unwashed artificers,' at the door of a house where a petition in favour of the ministerial measure solicited their signatures. 'I say, Bill, canst' thee write?' 'Ah, to be sure I can,' answered Bill. 'Well, come in and write thy name to this here petition for reform,' rejoined his companion. 'Reform! what the h—ll's that?' 'Why doesn't thee know? Reform is that we shall be all lords and squires; shouldn't thee like to have thy missis a lady, and to ride in a carriage, with nothing to do but eat and drink like a new one?' 'My eyes! if that's the meaning on't,' said Bill, 'I'll sign it fast enough,—if I don't, I'm blowed!' Accordingly, in they turned, and scrawled their names on the dirty parchment, which was subsequently presented, with previous notice, as the great London petition, signed by a hundred thousand inhabitants."

We add two or three acute remarks: "A man who is vacillating between contending arguments or inclinations, is glad of a straw to turn the scale."

"Violent and openly profligate natures are not desperate, but the subtle and hypocritical are impracticable."

"The reputation of a gamester is as fragile as that of a woman."

An occasional coarseness of epithet is a fault with the writer; it is a mistake to think that this is strength. We conclude by saying, that the work is both entertaining and clever; and, moreover, one of those which make us give an author credit for being even cleverer than his book.

The Literary Souvenir. Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London, 1832. Longman and Co. Why what have we here?—a butterfly with the sting of a wasp, a bird with the painted plume of a peacock and the beak of a hawk? Verily, Mr. Editor, you

"are not too discreet,
To run a-muck and tilt at all you meet."

The longest poem in the volume, and the one to which public attention is most particularly

directed, is, as its writer calls it, "a literary squib." Squib, indeed!—fire and furies, with a vengeance! It ought rather to be entitled the *Frazieriad*, its vituperation being almost entirely directed towards the magazine bearing that name, whose personal attacks on Mr. Watts have provoked this, in our opinion, ill-judged, and, at all events, most ill-placed, retaliation. It is a bad plan to pursue that very line of conduct which you yourself denounce as infamous. We always have protested, and always shall protest, against the personalities now so common in the periodical press, as equally degrading to their writers and deteriorating to literature; and when the abusive attack produces the equally abusive reply, we (avoiding the coarser saw touching certain culinary vessels) can only quote the old English proverb, and say, it is just "pull, devil—pull, baker!" Of the tone of the poem the following extract may serve as a specimen:

"And, cheek-by-jowl, his brother twin,
In all but dulness, Pat Maginn;
Who, though he write the L.L.D.
After his name, will never be
A whit the greater than he is—
Less fond of drunken 'deeviries,'
Less ready for a vulgar hoax,
Addicted less to pot-house jokes,
And all the rough plebeian horse-play,
He will so oft without remorse play!
Give him a glass or two of whisky,
And in a trice he grows so frisky,
So full of frolic, fun, and satire,
So ready dirt around to scatter,
And so impartial in his blows,
They fall alike on friends and foes;
Nay, rather than his humour balk,
His mother's son he'd tomahawk!
And so he can but set once more
His boon companions 'in a roar,'
Will scruple not, good-natured elf,
To libel his illustrious self!
A task so difficult, I own
It can be done by him alone!
And yet, to give the devil his due,
He'd neither slander me nor you
From any abstract love of malice,
But only in his humorous sallies;
For of his friends he'd lose the best,
Much rather than his vilest jest!

But for that booby by his side,
Regina's namesake, not her pride,
That parasite fish beneath
That picks its larger brethren's teeth;
Dines in some shark's pestiferous maw,
Sups on a whale's encumbered jaw,
And prone in afflill still to wallow,
Bolts what its patrons cannot swallow;
Even so, by garbage fed alone,
Too foul for even Maginn to own,
He builds his pyramid of fame
On ribald jests, without a name;
Sticks to the Standard-bearer's skirt,
And apes his knack of throwing dirt;
Steals his nick-names for every body,
Copies his taste in whisky-toddy!
Retells his jokes with wondrous pains,
And borrows all things but his brains!
Who ventured with the Ensign's backing,
To take the charge, till sent a-packing,
Of Messrs. Treutli's Foreign Quarterly;
Used Black and Co. so very martyrly;
Then kept the world on tenterhooks,
All waiting for a set of books,
Which they who seldom money stint
Refused to pay for or to print;
And left, though they had given the order,
On hand, 'in most admired disorder.'
The Theban deep, who undertook
For C. and B. to write a book,
Which, when the manuscript was sent,
Proved in the same predicament!
And that it ne'er could daylight see
Was plain to them as A, B, C.
Therefore he used their 'firm' ungently,
Colburn reviled, and slandered Bentley;
And like the toad that whispered Eve,
Did fair Regina's ear deceive;
Of rancour full as Bell, or fuller,
Suborned attacks on Lytton Bulwer,

* "A namesake, but no connexion of the able and excellent author of the 'Kuzilbash,' J. B. Fraser."

† "Where are the *Remains* of History, which Messrs. Whittaker announced from the pen of this gentleman?"

‡ "This person must not be confounded with a cleverer and honest man, Mr. H. G. Bell, the author of *Summer and Winter Hours*, nor with any other Mr. Bell, for 'none but himself can be his parallel.' He is the dictatorial, pragmatical, vigilant (see his libels on Lord and

Which though he read with vast delight,
Poor as they were, he could not write.

Thus have I seen some blow-fly small,
Over a noble scion crawl,
On Giblett's ample counter placed,
Tainting the meat it could not taste;
And thus,—for even the meanest things
Can void their filth and use their stings,—
The veriest vermin of the press
The power of mischief still possess;
For jests inflict a double smart
'When some low blockhead points the dart';
And dirt is dirt, and mud annoys,
Even from a knot of blackguard boys
Collected in the public street,
To run a-muck at all they meet;
Who, as their ordure round they scatter,
And every decent coat bespatter,
Conceive themselves—the more's the pity—
Youths of a vein immensely witty;
And deem no humour half so good
As calling names and throwing mud!"

We do say, abuse so outrageous is beyond all bounds of decency, and as offensive to all good taste as it is to all good feeling. Many of the assertions in the notes are made evidently on mere random conjecture: we shall only correct one relative to ourselves, from which the accuracy of others may be judged. Mr. Allan Cunningham is mentioned in a note as writing in the *Literary Gazette*. Cunningham neither is nor ever was a contributor to our pages, and in them never wrote one line of criticism.

We will now turn to what gives us the pleasure of praise. A spirited story by Leitch Ritchie opens the volume; then come some poems of considerable merit by the editor and his wife; one by Mrs. Howitt, "the Doomed King;" "a Legend of the Rhine," told in his own peculiar and lively style, by Mr. Praed; a poem on Egeria, by Mr. Hervey, so beautiful, that we must quote a favourite passage.

"Who hath not his Egeria!—some sweet thought,
Shrouded and shrimed within his heart of hearts,
More closely cherished, and more fondly sought,
Still, as the daylight of the soul departs:
The visioned lady of the spring that wells
In the green valley of his brighter years,
Or gentle spirit that for ever dwells,
And sings of hope, beside the fount of tears!"

We copy the following account of Quakeresses' dress, as given by one who can speak from experience, Mrs. A. Watts having herself belonged to that community.

"Even the Quakeresses, who, in obedience to the injunction of St. Paul, 'refrain from outward adorning,' and are restricted by their elders to garments composed of scarcely more than two colours, contrive from these simple elements to extract as much food for vanity as a painter from his seven primitive colours, or a musician from his octave of notes. It is true, the original materials are limited; but, O for the varieties that their ingenuity will contrive to extract from these simple elements! First, there is white, pure unadulterated white; then there is 'dead' white, then there is 'blue' white, then there is 'pearl' white, then there is 'French' white, and heaven knows how many other whites. Next follow the grays: first there is simple gray, then 'blue' gray, then 'ash' gray, then 'silver' gray, then 'raven' gray, and, for aught I know, a dozen other grays. Then come the fawns, the 'light' fawn, the 'dark' fawn, the 'red' fawn, the 'brown' fawn, the 'hare' back, and the 'brown paper' colour; then follow (with their endless subdivisions) the families of the 'Esterhazies,' the 'doves,' the 'slates,' the 'puces,' the 'mulberries,' the 'bronzes,' and the 'London smokes,'—varieties innumerable, and with distinctions only visible to the practised eye of a

Lady Lyndhurst), and acrimonious editor of the 'largest newspaper in England;' and as the chief supporter of such an *Atlas* must of necessity be a person of no ordinary muscle; for if it be the 'largest,' it is no less certainly the heaviest newspaper in Great Britain."

Lady Friend. As for their muslin handkerchiefs, let no unfortunate wight, whilst in the act of paying a bill for Brussels lace, envy those who have no such bills to pay: let him rest assured that his burden is borne in some shape or other by his graver brethren: he may know that a muslin handkerchief may be bought for eighteen pence; but he does not perhaps know that it may be bought for eighteen shillings also, and that the 'Sisters' have a peculiar penchant for the latter priced article. It is true that a double instead of a single border forms the principal, I should say the only difference, between the India and British manufacture, — no matter; the India is the most difficult to be procured, therefore the most to be desired, and consequently the thing to be worn! And then their *chaussure* — in this point they resemble our French neighbours more than any other people. It is certain that they confine themselves to shoes of two colours, brown and black; but then, their varieties! from the wafer-soled drawing-room to the clog-soled walking shoe! verily their name should be legion, for they indeed are many. And then their gloves — who ever saw a Quakeress with a soiled glove? On the contrary, who has not remarked the delicate colour and superior fitting of their digital coverings? And well may it be so; for, though ready-made gloves may do well enough for an undistinguishing court-beauty, her refinement must stoop to that of a Quaker belle, who wears no gloves but such as are made for her own individual fingers. And then their pocket handkerchiefs — I verily believe that the present fashion of the *monchoir brodé* proceeded from them. It is true that they do not require the corners to be so elaborately embroidered; but for years have they been distinguished for the open-work border on cobweb-like cambric: nor are they to be satisfied with the possession of a moderate share of these superior articles. No, indeed; if they are to be restricted to necessities in dress, they fully indemnify themselves by having these necessities of the finest possible quality, and in the largest possible quantity. So long ago as the reign of Charles the Second, it was observed of a great statesman, that he was 'curious in his linen as a Quaker'; and this implied axiom of the seventeenth century is fully in force at the present day. One observation more, and I have done. In the management of that most unmanageable part of a lady's attire ycleped a shawl, we will match any pretty 'Friend' against any fair one of the European continent (always excepting a lady from Spain). O, the smoothing of plaits that I have witnessed, to modify any unseemly excrescence at the back of the neck! O, the patience required to overcome the stubbornness of rebellious sleeves, which threatened to obscure the delicate slope of a pair of drooping shoulders! O, the care that has been required to prevent the beautiful sinuosity of a falling-in back from being too much veiled, or the utter annihilation of the far-famed Grecian bend in the sweep of its remorseless folds!"

There is a pretty little poem called a "Sketch," evidently an imitation, but a very happy one, of L. E. L.'s style; and a very sweet song by G. M. Fitzgerald. Of what remains we will say as little as possible, for there is much of commonplace and inferior quality. On the whole, the *Souvenir*, though not equal to some of its earlier volumes, is at least equal to most of its competitors.

Forms of Prayers, adapted to the use of Schools and Families consisting of Young Persons. Also Poems on religious Subjects. By J. Snow. 18mo. pp. 206. London, 1830. Hatchard and Son.

Of a previous volume, "Sketches and Minor Poems," by the same amiable author, we truly said that it displayed a fine tone of poetical feeling; to which we may add, in respect to the present production, that it also breathes a pure piety and a genuine sincerity, which touch the heart. The prayers are fervent, and eloquent by their simplicity and truth. The sacred poems are very beautiful: from the introduction to them, we are inclined to think that several are from the pen of the late much-esteemed and respected Mr. Christie. With our best wishes we recommend this little volume to the well-meaning and religious: it will promote the views of the former by its wide dissemination, and cheer the latter either among multitudes or in solitude.

A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By Moses Stuart. 8vo. pp. 248. Oxford, 1831. Talboys.

This is a reprint of the third American edition of Professor Stuart's Hebrew Grammar, published here with his concurrence, and superintended through the press by Mr. Pauli, Oriental Professor at Oxford, in conjunction with Mr. Jones, author of a new version of Isaiah. From the character of these gentlemen as Biblical scholars, we were prepared for a very accurate edition of this valuable work; — nor have we been disappointed. To say that but few Hebrew grammars can be compared with it in this respect, would not be very high praise; since productions of this class have rarely, in our country at least, had that minute attention bestowed on their revision, by which alone typographical errors can be avoided. It would have been preferable, however, we think, to have omitted a table of "errata" altogether, than to have noticed only four (in which the same word is twice wrong!), when there are nearly a hundred misprints in the book, in addition to those pointed out. Many of them, it is true, are of little consequence; though this is not the case with all — one, for instance, in page 162, contradicts the rule it is quoted to confirm. We do not mention these oversights to complain of the printing in general, which is uncommonly neat and creditable, — but merely to shew that the work is not quite so immaculate as the short list of errata would seem to imply. That it is very difficult to obtain even a tolerable degree of accuracy in Hebrew typography we well know; and Professor Stuart himself mentions the astonishing fact, that seeing his Grammar through the press was almost as laborious as compiling it! After the high character that has been awarded to the work, as a guide to a knowledge of this venerable language, by persons eminently qualified to judge, it may be thought presumptuous in us to differ; but while we give every praise to the learned author, we cannot help saying that we have seen grammars better suited for the mere beginner than this, which is too elaborate and minute for such a purpose. Mr. Hurwitz' Grammar (noticed in our No. 757) is, in our opinion, more likely to attract the tyro and lead him on, by combining rule, example, and exercise together, than one in which only bare rules are given, either without any, or, at best, with very meagre exemplifications. But as an excellent book of reference on doubtful points,

we know of none equal to Mr. Stuart's; and confess that he has made clear, and shewn reasons for, some things for which we had searched in vain in other grammars, and which we never properly understood before. An edition of the same author's *Chrestomathy* is, we see, announced by Mr. Talboys; and if as carefully executed as the present work, it will be a grateful accession to the stock of Hebrew lesson-books.

The Comic Offering; or, Lady's Melange of Literary Mirth for 1832. Edited by L. H. Sheridan. London, 1831. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE comic field seems to be something like the race-course, open to all ages, weights, sexes, and descriptions of competitors. At first Hood walked over the ground (if such droll motion could be called walking); but now, as in all cases where success has rewarded an original design, we have others rushing to the starting-post, and fairly trying their speed. In this line we have already had to notice Mr. Harrison's work; and now Miss Sheridan, *clarum nomen*, demands our attention to her second year's performances. We are glad that we can answer this call in a polite fashion, only that it is also consistent with truth which is not fashionable; and speak of the *Comic Offering* as of a very clever and amusing companion. It is full of embellishments, from the binding to the last page; and many of the ideas graphically embodied are very fanciful and ludicrous, — the more so as being chiefly the productions of a female, who has displayed an exuberance of drollery, while, at the same time, limited to that delicacy which one of her sex addressing herself to the rest was bound to observe. From among the seventy cuts we shall therefore select two or three, in order to afford an opportunity of judging of these pictorial puns and witticisms.

The literary portion of the work is of mixed merit — sometimes better, sometimes worse, as all publications of professed humour must of necessity be. The first poem will be understood, where many a young man understands little else, and we quote it for the entertainment of the Universities.

Letter from an Oxford Student to his Mother.

"Brazen-Nose College, Oct. 1831.

"Dear Mother, — Your anger to soften

At last I sit down to indite, —

'Tis clear I am wrong very often,

Since 'tis true I so seldom do write!

But now I'll be silent no longer,

Pro and con all my deeds I'll disclose, —

All the pros in my verse I'll make stronger,

And hide all the cons in my pros!

You told me, on coming to college,

To dip into books and excel;

Why, the tradesmen themselves must acknowledge

I've dived into books pretty well!

The advice you took pleasure in giving

To direct me, is sure to succeed,

And I think you'll confess I am living

With very great credit indeed!

I wait on the Reverend Doctors

Whose friendship you told me to seek;

And as for the two learned Proctors,

They've call'd for me twice in a week!

Indeed, we've got intimate lately,

And I seldom can pass down the street

But their kindness surprises me greatly, —

For they stop me whenever we meet!

My classics, with all their old stories,

I now very closely pursue, —

And ne'er read the Remedii Amoris

Without thinking, dear mother, of you!

Of Virgil I've more than a smatter,

And Horace I've nearly by heart;

But though fam'd for his smartness and satire,

He's not quite so easy as Smart.

English Bards I admire every little,
And dost on poetical lore,
And though yet I have studied but *Little*,
I hope to be master of *Moore*!

You'll see, from the nonsense I've written,
That my devils are none of the *Blues*;
That I'm playful and gay as a kitten,
And nearly as fond of the *Muse*!

Bright puns (oh! how crossly you bore 'em!)
I scatter, while Logic I cram;
For Euclid, and *Puns* Asinorum,
We leave to the Johnians of Cam.

My pony, in spite of my chidings,
Is skittish and shy as can be;
Not Yorkshire, with all its *three ridings*,
Is half such a *shier* as he!

I wish he were stronger and larger,
For in truth I must candidly own
He is far the most moderate charger
In this land of *high chargers* I've known!

My doubts of profession are vanish'd,
I'll tell you the cause when we meet;
Church, army, and bar I have banish'd,
And now only look to the *Fleet*!

Come down, then, when summer is gilding
Our gardens, our trees, and our fountains,
I'll give you accounts of each building,—
How you'll wonder at all my accounts!

Come down when the soft winds are sighing:
Come down—Oh you shall and you must,—
Come down when the dust-clouds are flying,—
Dear mother—Come down with the dust!

The following is more generally amusing;
for who cannot play at

Cross Purposes?

"'Child!' said the bard, 'dost thou wander now
To gather fresh flowers for thy sunny brow?
Or twin'st thou a garland pure and fair
To fix in thy sleeping brother's hair?
That when he awakes he may smile to see
The nodding roses all pluck'd by thee:
Tell me, thou child!"

"No," said the child, with accent clear,
'I comes jist now w/ ma feyther's beer!"

"Thy father's bier? Has he left thee, child,
To the world's cold blasts and its tempests wild?
Has he left thee beside a deserted hearth
With no one to guard thee on all the earth?
Has he sunk in his pride 'neath the hand of fate
And left thee, thou lone one, desolate?
Tell me, thou child!"

"No!" said the child with that sunny brow,
'He's been all this mornin' arter the plough!"

"Hear'st thou the breezes from yonder hill,
As they speak with lone voices subdued and still,
Telling, as onwards in perfume they sweep,
Of the hidden flow'rs in the valleys which sleep;
Hear'st thou their voices at even-tide,
As thou sinkest to sleep by the river's side?
Tell me, thou child!"

"No," said the child, "I ne'er hears them *speak*,
'But I hears them *blowin'* most nights in the week."

As a prose tale, we would recommend that of "the man who carried his own bundle," evidently a real anecdote of Admiral Lord A. Benuclerc, which is unluckily too long for transplanting among our extracts, and would lose so much by pruning to the fitting size, as to destroy its character; so we must be contented with the annexed, and a repetition of our praise of the volume which they help to enliven.



Making a Tumbler of Punch.



An Old Cat!

The Keepsake, for 1832. Edited by F. Mansel Reynolds. Longman and Co.

THIS beautiful volume is as beautiful as ever; and its exquisite plates are accompanied by a pleasant collection of tales and poetry. Its aristocratic table of contents seems just like the list of names given in the *Morning Post* when some gay party has been attended by "all the fashionable world." We own we do not see why, as critics, we should object to what both publisher and public seem to like; and the taste of the former is always ruled by that of the latter. This volume is destined for the drawing-room; and why should not some of its readers see themselves in its pages. "Lady Evelyn Savile's Three Trials" is a sweet and touching story; and the "New King," by Theodore Hook, very lively and very likely. Lord Mulgrave's "Bridemaid" is a very sweet creature, worthy to accompany the plate for which it was written, but which has been delayed. Lord Morpeth has contributed some graceful poems; so has Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Among other tales that have pleased us, we must mention "the Dream," by the Author of *Frankenstein*; "Therese," by Sheridan Knowles; "the Fortunes of a Modern Crichton;" and, if it were more condensed, "the Star of the Pacific," which, albeit, turns on a most improbable incident. We make the following poetical selections.

"*Stanzas.* By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

When the sweet bulbul thrills the perfumed breeze,
And, crescent-crown'd, gleams down pomegranate-trees,
And thy caïque shoots through the slumbering seas,
Remember me! remember me!

I passionately pray of thee.

When thou hast left this bright and blessed shore,
Perhaps to breathe its heavenly airs no more,
And home seems dearer than 'twas e'er before,
Remember me! remember me!

I passionately pray of thee.

When the last flash of daylight is declining,
When Persian bowens are round thy head entwining,
When Persian eyes are all about thee shining,
Remember me! remember me!

I passionately pray of thee.

When thou hast met with careless hearts and cold—
Hearst that young love may touch, but never hold,
Not *changeless* as the loved and left of old—
Remember me! remember me!

I passionately pray of thee.

When this world's griefs shall come to cloud thy brow,
When this world's smiles shall charm thee not as now,
When light, life, love, and all are dimm'd below—
Remember me! remember me!

I passionately pray of thee.

When thy proud soul its faults and follies mourns,
And the alter'd heart in thy struck bosom burns,
And memory unto the past returns,
Then most, oh, most remember me!
I passionately pray of thee."

"Edith," by L. E. L., is one of that delightful writer's most charming little sketches, full, as they always are, of imagination and feeling.

"Weep not, weep not, that in the spring
We have to make a grave;
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing,
The early roses wave:
And make the sod we're spreading fair
For her who sleeps below;
We might not bear to lay her there,
In winter frost and snow.

We never hoped to keep her long:
When but a fairy child,
With dancing step, and birdlike song,
And eyes that only smiled,
A something shadowy and frail
Was even in her mirth;
She look'd a flower that one rough gale
Would bear away from earth.

There was too clear and blue a light
Within her radiant eyes,
They were too beautiful, too bright,
Too like their native skies;
Too changeable the rose which shed
Its colour on her face,
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.

She was too thoughtful for her years,
Its shell the spirit wore;

And when she smiled away our fears,
We only feared the more.
The crimson deepened on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear,
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear.
Her childhood was a happy time,
The loving and beloved;
Yon sky, which was her native clime,
Hath but its own removed.
This earth was not for one to whom
Nothing of earth was given;
'Twas but a resting place, her tomb,
Between the world and heaven."

"London in September—(not in 1831).
By Lord John Russell.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten Row;
In Brooke's sits one *quidnunc* to peruse;
The broad, dull sheet which tells the lack of news;
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass
To see two empty hackney coaches pass;
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare
To take her lover's arm in Grosvenor Square;
From shop deserted hangs the 'rentice landy;
And seeks—oh, bliss!—the *Moby—a tempora fandi*;
Meantime the batter'd pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest;
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng;
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four;
The peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a scorching sun."

We had intended quoting a story, but must content ourselves with recommending—they are rather long for our columns, and yet it is a pity to abridge; though it is not improbable that we may try our hand in this way next Saturday. Meanwhile, as a Picture and Literary Annual, we can truly say, that a finer specimen for *gift* or *keeping* has not been produced than this year's *Keepsake*.

The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.
Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. London, 1831. Longman and Co.

ALTHOUGH we are this week rather overcharged with the larger brethren of the Annual family, we cannot be so ill-mannered as to allow the performance of a lady to pass without its meed of praise. Mrs. Watts has again produced a very sweet little volume; addressed, we should say, from the general character of its contents, principally to a class of readers who, in common parlance, would be thought younger than that to which the word *juvenile* applies; though it may be perused with pleasure and instruction from the age of nine to fifteen, as well as of four to nine.

Poetical compositions, written down to the capacity of children, are seldom deserving of critical notice; nor do we find any of them in the *New Year's Gift* to tempt us from the usual course, except the "Sailor's Widow," a very pathetic story by Mary Howitt, to whom the volume is, with good feeling and great propriety, dedicated.

"Come close," she said, with trembling voice,
'Come closer unto me!
Oh! what a dreadful night is this
For wanderers on the sea!
Oh! I have prayed for him so long—
So vainly wished him home;
So vainly counted weeks and months—
I fear he will not come!
Ah! there's a wreck upon the waves,
Drifting the storm before!
Methinks it is the very ship
In which he left this shore!
Methinks I see a feeble few,
Faint, clinging to her deck!
God save them all! and bring to shore
That poor and shattered wreck!
He was a tall and goodly man
As ever sailed the sea—
But 't was not for his goodly looks
He was so dear to me!
He had a kind and loving heart;—
Ah! he was warm and true—
As gentle, yet as brave a man
As ever cable threw!

Yet, if it pleases God to give
Him back to us again,
My children, it will bring his heart
To find you are but twain!
For when upon this voyage he went,
Upon this very shore
We parted in the pilot-boat,
His blessing was on four!
He'll ask, 'Where is my little Jack,
That was so stout of limb—
And Willie, with his curling hair,
What is become of him?'
And then, alas! my answering
A dismal tale must be,
How Jack and Willie both are laid
Beneath the churchyard tree!
First, little Willie went to heaven,
He did not suffer long;
He died before two days were passed,
And of a fever strong.
Poor Jack, he had his father's heart,
He watched him night and day,
And then he took the fever too,
And in his death-bed lay.
I'll shew him where their little graves
Are lying, side by side;
The Spring has made them fresh and green,
With daisies beautified.
How will he hold you in his arms,
The while his heart doth ache—
And feel that you, two lonely ones,
Are dearer for their sake!
But look! yon wreck comes nearer now—
And plainly I can see,
That to her deck is clinging fast
A feeble company!
Up! let us hasten to the beach—
The struggling vessel flies
Before a current strong—and hark!
I hear their feeble cries.
They hastened down unto the beach;
The winds and waters bore
Anon that miserable wreck
Upon the sandy shore.
And well the woman knew the ship,
And well the men she knew—
Seven weather-beaten, feeble men,
The remnant of the crew;—
But he, the one so dear to her,
Was not among the few!
'Oh, where is he! oh, where is he?
My husband dear!' she cried.
The sailors all had pity on her,
And gently thus replied:—
'It was before the storm began,
When on the Indian sea,
At sunset, we were sailing with
The trade-wind pleasantly;
The captain's son—a little boy,
Loved by thy husband well,
As he was playing by his side,
Into the water fell!
The captain saw him fall—but ere
His voice could give alarm,
Thy husband plunged into the sea
And caught him by the arm.
He heaved the boy upon the deck;—
But then came suddenly
Upon him, with its open jaws,
A monster of the sea!
The woman shrieked—'And he is dead!
O tell it not to me!
'God be a father unto you,
My children dear,' she said;
The warmest heart that ever lived
Lies with the ocean dead!
'Be calm, be calm!' an old man spake,
'Our captain died last eve;
His little son was dead before,
And with us he did leave
For thee the treasure of the wreck,
And prayed thee not to grieve!
He made me swear upon the Book,
Which I did solemnly
If'er we reached this shore, that I
Would surely seek for thee.
And to thee and thy babes convey
Whate'er the vessel bore;—
Look up, look up! thou weeping one,
For ye will want no more!
'Gold,' said the widow, mournfully,
'Will ne'er the dead restore!
Oh! he is gone—that finest heart—
Oh! he is gone from me!
Upon my weary soul hath come
A great calamity!
And thus she sorrowed long and sore,
And called upon the dead,
And bowed her forehead to the dust,
Nor would be comforted."

From the prose contributions,—though the

description of a trip to Paris by a boy, and the "Cabinet of Curiosities," convey intelligence in an agreeable manner, and there are several interesting stories,—we select as our best example the little fowler of Tempio.

Francesco Micheli was the only son of a carpenter, in easy circumstances, who resided at Tempio, a town situated in the north of the island of Sardinia: he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. This accident was occasioned by the carelessness of the youngest sister of Francesco, who had been playing with some pieces of lighted paper, and by chance suffered the flame to fall upon a heap of shavings which had been swept up in one corner of her father's workshop. The blaze spread rapidly over every quarter of the little dwelling; in vain Micheli exerted himself to arrest its progress. The dry state of the wood of which the cottage was built rendered it an easy prey to the flames; and whilst the unfortunate man was trying to secure a small box, containing the little savings of many years, the sudden fall of the roof buried him in the ruins, and ere any assistance could be rendered, life was quite extinct; whilst his wife, having secured the safety of her children, contrived to escape through the flames, but was so much scorched and injured as to be rendered incapable of any exertion during the remainder of her life. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were now left destitute on the world, and were forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day. Every morning little Francesco was despatched to seek relief from the numerous friends of his father; but, alas! it is but a weak resource, and an uncertain support, which is founded on the commiseration of others. In many instances he returned unrelieved and disappointed, and the unhappy widow was unable to give bread to her starving children from the alms bestowed upon their little brother. Francesco had a certain innate pride, which shrunk from asking a favour of another. The least inquiry into his circumstances, the shadow of hesitation, the slightest repulse, or an air of coldness and reserve, disconcerted him at once; and at such times he could but return to weep and to lament with his unhappy mother. At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindnesses of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in destitution before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with lathes, and with some little difficulty, a cage, or aviary, of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skillful at the task and of great activity, he was not long before he became tolerably successful; he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, blackbirds, wrens, ring-doves, jays, and pigeons. Even in the most trifling business, one has always need of a companion, and in this Francesco found his two sisters invaluable assistants; whilst he was abroad in the wood, they sought in the marshes for reeds and bulrushes of which to make little cages; they fed the young birds which he brought home on his return, and they trained with great care such as they found

capable of receiving instruction. Every week Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sassari, and generally disposed of those which were the most attractive and beautiful. From this source, however, their gains were but trifling; but they wisely considered, that a little was better than nothing, and any thing preferable to beggary; and each evening, with cheerful hearts, they brought home their scanty earnings to their poor mother. The object of all their desires was to be enabled to support their helpless parent; but still all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains: necessity is said to be the mother of invention; and he now meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourites and songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called 'Bianca,' suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her; she used to leap about and sport amongst them, whilst they would sometimes peck at and tease her; but on all such occasions she would merely stretch out her paw and threaten them, but never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions. He went even farther; for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part, and, after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself up into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in a deep sleep; the cage was then opened, and the little tricky birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would play and fly about her, without either fear or restraint; they would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood. To see a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was a sight so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sassari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound, when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with delight and alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers. Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him very liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months. The next undertaking of the little Sardinian was one of more enterprise and singularity still. He found one day a nest containing fifteen young partridges, which he brought to his aviary, and began to educate. Five, however, died within a few

days, but the remaining ten fully answered his highest expectations. After some weeks of previous training, he contrived to attach them to little cannons made of brass, and taught them to draw them leisurely along a table. He then drew them up in two files, each girt with a sabre, and the other appurtenances of a soldier of artillery; every bird was taught to stand motionless beside his gun, and, at the word of command, the partridge to the right lit a match at a chafing-dish on the table, and courageously fired off his piece of ordnance. At a second command, the company to the left performed the same exercise; nor were either, after a little practice, in the least degree terrified at the noise which they had created. At a third signal, a few of the little warriors fell over on their side, stretched out their stiffened limbs, and counterfeited death; whilst others flew off, limping, and apparently screaming with the pain of their wounds. The commandant again beat a roll of the drum, and all flying to their ranks, resumed their order, and repeated their ingenious evolutions. Amongst the feathered pupils of Francesco, however, all were not endowed with equal sagacity and talent; some were intractable and stupid, whilst others betrayed an instinct almost amounting to reason. Of the latter class was one partridge, which he named Rosoletta. She followed him wherever he went with the attachment of a dog; she hopped after him from house to house, when he walked the streets of Tempio, and flew from tree to tree when he wandered in the woods, and rarely by night or day did she lose sight of her affectionate master. If she disappeared for an instant, a whistle from Francesco brought her to his side, when she would mount upon his arm, flap her wings, and chirrup with delight. With a docility by no means common in birds, Rosoletta not only obeyed her instructor herself, but seemed to penetrate his wishes with regard to her companions; and even sometimes ventured to assist him in the education of his more giddy pupils. If a chaffinch, more stupid or mutinous than the rest, put his comrades into disorder, or a thoughtless linnet wandered from the ranks, Rosoletta would instantly follow, and striking the offender with her wing, attempt to keep him in order. Francesco had once been at great pains to train a beautiful goldfinch, but one morning the ungrateful little bird escaped from his cage, flew to an open window, and reaching the adjoining garden, was seen no more. The little merchant was in despair at his loss; the more so, because he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. Five days elapsed, and the little wanderer returned not; he had given him over for lost, when on the sixth morning Rosoletta was seen chasing before her along the linden trees, a bird which was screaming at the top of its voice, and attempting by every means to escape from her. Only judge of the surprise of Francesco, when he saw his truant beauty driven on and guarded by the faithful partridge! Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length seated him in apparent disgrace on a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph at her success. Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the

southern countries of Europe; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed; 'some,' says the Abbé Reperonci (an Italian, who recounts his story), 'lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief and plaintive cries, and all, in fact, taking scarcely any nourishment during his sickness.' Dying as he was, the affectionate child could not avoid being sensible of the attachment of the little companions whom he had instructed with so much care. He never once betrayed any uneasiness for himself; but often and bitterly did he weep for his mother, and exclaim from time to time, 'Alas! who, when I am gone, will support my desolate mother, or tend my neglected birds?' None of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and inconsolable grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched herself upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. Whilst she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel, which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here died, about four months after the death of her beloved master. The tomb of Francesco is yet to be seen in Sassari; and the burial-ground where he lies is still called 'the Cemetery of the Little Fowler.'

There are articles in the shapes of enigmas, riddles, &c. &c., which we cannot attempt to penetrate so as to profess ourselves able to give a critical opinion upon them: they will, however, serve to exercise the ingenuity of younger critics. We should have noticed the Persian tale of "Bathmendi," by Caroline Fry; but having met with it before, in *Arjiss's Pocket Magazine*, and *Le Brethon's French Grammar* (we think), we were rather surprised to encounter our old friend among original pieces. We presume that Mrs. Watts has been kept in the dark as to the previous publication: at all events, we can most heartily recommend her work of this year to all who admire talent in the fine arts, and taste and judgment in catering for the youthful mind.

Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained and practically illustrated. Part I. 18mo. pp. 318. London, 1831. Murray.

Not having had time to examine this volume with sufficient care, we must satisfy ourselves with a brief and temporary notice of it in this Number. We should have thought it a very difficult task to write an elementary work on the science of chemistry, which would present enough of what was new or useful, whether in its plan or its details, to ensure success among so many contemporaneous publications. The object of this book is to furnish something less learned and elaborate than the usual systematic works, and at the same time more detailed, connected, and explicit than the *Conversations* and *Catechisms*; and it fulfils those objects with great success. The first part treats of

attraction, heat, light, and electricity: and as what is written on these subjects can only be considered as a peep at a beautiful country, to tempt us on to travel—the gift of some information as an inducement to more extensive research,—we shall not be very critical. Our continental neighbours have long ago taken all these important branches of science from the domains of chemistry, where, indeed, they can no longer dwell, without meeting with undeserved neglect; indeed, their successful pursuit demands a quantity of mathematical knowledge, which may be valuable, but is not requisite, in order to become an expert analyst, or a good practical chemist. There is much more philosophy in this little volume (the first of its series) than might be expected; and there is that singleness of design which belongs peculiarly to the writings of a person conversant with, and enthusiastic in, the development of his subject.

The Picturesque Annual. Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and on the Rhine. With Engravings, from Drawings by Clarkson Stanfield, Esq. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. 12mo. pp. 256. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

WE do not know when we have been so pleased with a volume as with the one before us. The idea is good, quite new, and admirably executed. Mr. Leitch Ritchie is at once a picturesque, a sentimental, and a graphic traveller, and writes with equal facility and animation. He has evidently enjoyed the beautiful country through which he has been wandering, and he makes his readers enjoy it too. He has introduced two or three of those short romantic stories in which he so excels; but we are under the necessity of postponing our examples till our next.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROJECTED NEW COLONY.

In olden times the proposition to found a new colony would have attracted general and deep attention; but in our days we are so accustomed to extraordinary events, that great and useful ones fail to excite a title of the consideration due to them. The pamphlet before us,* and the annexed communication by an able writer, contain so much of what we consider to be true in principle, and valuable in application, on the subject of emigration, that we have much satisfaction in calling the attention of the public to both. Indeed, they seem to have made a considerable impression upon our colonial department, if we may judge from the following notice in the *Hampshire Courier* of last week, where they are evidently acted upon to a certain degree, as far as they could be in a colony established on a different plan.

"The Commissioners for Emigration have caused it to be intimated that government have determined to appropriate the sums produced by the sale of lands in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land to the encouragement of emigration by unmarried females to those colonies, under certain regulations. Females between the ages of 15 and 30, members of families about to proceed to the colonies, may receive £4 each from the commissioners, to be paid to the heads of their families, or to the captain of the ship in which they are conveyed: if not forming part of a family, and possessing the funds necessary, in addition to the £4, to complete the price of their passage, they will be admitted as candidates for the bounty of government. As soon as a sufficient number of persons have signified their wish to emigrate, and the conditions have been complied with, the commissioners will take up a vessel for the conveyance of these emigrants, into which no other passengers will be admitted. Should the number of applications be too great for the funds, females who contribute the largest proportion of the cost of their passage will be entitled to a preference; but, in the absence of other distinctions, priority of application will form the rule of selection."

So soon after the all but total failure of those extravagant hopes of success which attended

the formation of the Swan River settlement, the projectors of a new colony in Australia must put forth some very strong recommendations of their scheme, in order to obtain for it even a moderate degree of support: nay, more—they must shew distinctly, that, whatever were the causes of failure at the Swan River, those causes cannot operate in their project.

The original cause of failure at the Swan River appears to have been an inattention of government to that irrational desire to obtain large tracts of wilderness, which belongs to most emigrants from an old to a new country. The inhabitants of an old country, in which competition for land, arising from density of population, renders land highly valuable, imbibe a belief that land by itself is riches, and that to possess a large territory any where is to possess wealth. The truth, however, is, that land, so long as it is without population, is absolutely without value; and that the value of land depends altogether on competition, which is strictly regulated by the proportion between population and land. This truth, like many other plain truths in political economy, never strikes the vulgar observer of what takes place in an old country. Such a one, seeing that land exchanges for wealth, is contented to believe that land is wealth; and if he emigrate to a new country, he concludes, that in order to become rich, he has only to procure an extensive grant of ground. Hence his ardent desire to obtain a province of wilderness, without the least regard to those circumstances which could alone give value to his possession.

To the delusive notion, that land is valuable in proportion merely to its extent, the government, in founding the Swan River settlement, lent the greatest encouragement, by bestowing the first grant, to the extent of 600,000 acres, upon the cousin of a cabinet minister. It was supposed by others, that what the government considered good for Sir Robert Peel's cousin, would be good for them; and others, therefore, applied for large tracts of waste. But it was impossible to give the first grant in the best situation to more than one person; hence arose a charge of favouritism and jobbing against the givers. In order to meet this charge, regulations were framed, by which all were allowed to appropriate an unlimited quantity of land, on the condition to which Mr. Peel had subscribed—that condition was, an investment of capital on the land at the rate of 1s. 6d. per acre. Thus the longing for a vast territorial possession was easily gratified. It was indulged in the most reckless manner.

Many persons possessing from 1000l. to 10,000l. either emigrated or sent agents to the colony, and obtained as much land as their capitals would enable them to claim. During the first year of the settlement, the extent assigned was at least five times that of all the land granted in New South Wales during a period of forty years. Land became, or rather was allowed to continue, a mere drug, of no more value than the atmosphere above it. The capitals taken out could fructify—could be preserved, indeed—only by being used on the land in conjunction with labour; but the labourers taken out, finding this, and holding the same wild notions as their masters concerning the value of the mere soil, refused to work for those who had defrayed the cost of their passage. The indentures, by which they were bound for a given term at a fixed rate of wages, were cancelled *de facto*, by the state of the colony, in which no police regulations, nor even any laws, had yet taken

root, and in which the most painful and least profitable of tasks would have been to punish or pursue refractory bond-servants. If these people worked at all for hire, it was only until they had saved the very small capital which would enable them to set up as land-owners and cultivators on their own account; consequently, the possessors of large capitals and large grants were soon left without labourers. As other capitalists arrived with labourers, those whose capital was perishing for want of labour wherewith to employ it, offered extravagant wages to the new-comers of the class of labourers, and thus seduced them from the service of those who had brought them to the colony. But these extravagant wages, again, speedily enabled these new-comers to set up as cultivators on their own account. At length, nearly all the labourers who were taken out cost-free had deserted their masters; and almost all the capitalists were reduced to the necessity of working in the same manner as their late servants. No one who labours for and by himself alone can manage any but a very small capital: the larger capitals, therefore, perished. The banks of the Swan River were strewn with implements of husbandry and the ruder manufactures, because there was no one to use them; seeds rotted in casks on the bench, because no one had prepared the ground for their reception; sheep, cattle, and horses, wandered, because there was no one to tend them, and either died of hunger, or were destroyed by hungry settlers whose stock of imported food was exhausted. This miserable state of things continued for some time, and finally resulted in one still more fatal to the prosperity of the colony.

Though some of the labourers taken out were parish paupers and others of degraded habits, a portion of them had been faithful servants in this country, and remarkable for honesty, sobriety, and industry. The violent change which took place in the condition of all classes,—the sudden revolution, which converted labourers for hire into landowners, and reduced their masters to the condition of labourers, exerted a most baneful influence on every one. Capitalists, who yet possessed piano-fortes, fine linen, and other luxuries,—not to mention their immense estates!—were reduced, in some cases, to want, and in nearly all to despair. Labourers, whatever had been their habits in England, who set up for themselves as landowners, vied with each other in improvidence. When the little capitals which they had saved by a few months or weeks of labour for hire, were exhausted, so also had the greater capitals perished; and thus the labourers found themselves without the means of subsistence either as settlers or as hired servants. Many of them then returned to the masters whom they had deserted and ruined, insisting on being employed according to the engagements which they themselves had been the first to break. It is a curious circumstance, that Mr. Peel, who took out a great number of labourers, was at one time without hands to cultivate a portion of his immense grant, and at another time, as we have been informed, was obliged to take refuge in an island from the violence of the deserters, who, when they had nothing left, expected to be maintained by him, who had little or nothing left. The confusion and misery that ensued may be easily imagined. It ended in a second emigration of great numbers, both capitalists and labourers, to Van Diemen's Land, where capital obtains high profits, and labour high wages; and at present the only settlers at the Swan River are a few persons—few in

* Plan of a Company to be established for the purpose of founding a Colony in Southern Australia, purchasing Land therein, and preparing the Land so purchased for the Reception of Immigrants. London, 1831. Ridgway and Sons.

comparison with the number who emigrated from England—persons of undaunted mind and very prudent habits, who are still struggling with the difficulties created by the unguarded profusion of the government in its disposal of waste land. These persons have lately addressed a petition to the parent government, praying that they may be supplied with convict labourers; although one of the circumstances originally urged in favour of the Swan River project, was, that the settlement was not to be demoralised by the immigration of convicts. Why are convicts now urgently demanded? Because convicts cannot immediately obtain land, but must labour for a time as servants. Why can none other than convict servants be retained? Because of the unwise regulations of the government for the disposal of waste land. Herein lies the secret of the failure, so far, of the Swan River project. By all accounts, the soil and climate of the colony are as fine as they were ever represented to be. To the want of labour, and to that alone, may be traced all the evils that have afflicted this infant colony.

In the new colony, provision is made for securing an ample supply of labour at all times. This, the one thing needful, is provided for by a very simple regulation. No land is to be given away: all land is to be sold to the highest bidder above a fixed minimum price; and the whole produce of sales is to be employed in conveying labour to the colony. By selecting the emigrants taken out cost-free; by confining the offer of a free passage to young married or marriageable persons of both sexes in equal proportions, the greatest amount of labour will be procured at the least cost. Thus the purchaser of land, though he will appear to buy land, will, in fact, buy labour, and at the cheapest rate. So that no labourer will be able to obtain land until he shall have procured a considerable sum by labouring for hire; and when he shall become a landowner, his place will be supplied by other labourers, to be sent out with what he shall have paid for land.

The adoption of this principle in the disposal of waste land appears admirably calculated to prevent that dispersion, both of capital and labour, to which the ill success of the Swan River colony must be attributed: in the present instance, it is to be secured from the beginning, and throughout the colony, by a Royal Charter, which it is understood His Majesty's government will grant to the Company now in the course of formation.

This Company is to possess a capital of 600,000*l.*; of which sum one-fourth is to be paid to the government for land, and to be by the government immediately expended in supplying the Company with labourers. With another portion of the Company's capital, the labourers so sent out will be employed in founding a town on the Company's land, and otherwise increasing its value by roads, docks, bridges, &c.; so that it may become the seat of government and the centre of commerce. With another portion of their capital the Company will defray all the expenses of colonial government, until the male adult population shall reach ten thousand, when a legislative assembly is to be called, and the colony is to defray its own expenses of government, besides repaying to the Company what the latter shall have advanced on that score. The remainder of the capital of the Company is to be advanced to settlers possessing some capital, who may purchase land either of the Company or of the government. Thus, up to the extent of 125,000*l.*, persons having, let us say for example, 2000*l.*, may take shares to the amount

of 1000*l.* in the Company, borrow 1000*l.* of the Company, and so retain their entire capital for use, besides reaping a share of the Company's profits, to be derived from the re-sale of their land at a much enhanced price. The instances cited, and especially that of the prosperous Canada Land Company, of the rapid increase in the value of land which occurs in parts of new colonies where population congregates, leave no doubt that, if this Company should fix the seat of government and the centre of commerce on their purchase, and if, moreover, every appropriation of land in the colony should produce a corresponding increase of the colonial population, the grant of the Company will rapidly acquire a great increase of value. Upon the whole, their prosperity is made dependent on the prosperity of the colony, and all the regulations appear to be framed with a view to the general advantage, as a means of profit to themselves.

The sound principle of self-government, and the return to the old-fashioned but excellent system of charter, instead of leaving the colony always dependent on a minister at home, are advantages which will distinguish this from all very modern colonies; and we must add, that the government deserve high credit for promoting an experiment, which promises to be successful, and which, if it should succeed, must lead to the destruction of that system of patronage, favouritism, and jobbing in the disposal of new land, which, however injurious to any colony where it prevails, a selfish colonial Secretary would not have abandoned.

The rules and regulations of the charter which is to incorporate the Company and found the colony, are to extend to all settlements that may be formed on the southern coast of Australia, between the 132d and 141st degrees of east longitude, and the islands on that line of coast. The spot fixed on for the first settlement is Port Lincoln, a magnificent harbour at the entrance of Spencer's Gulf (see any map), of which a particular description is given by Flinders. The latitude of this spot corresponds with that of Sydney and the Swan River; and Spencer's Gulf lies about midway between those places. Not far from Port Lincoln is an island, to which Flinders gave the name of Kangaroo, in consequence of the great number of kangaroos which he saw there. It is about 80 miles long by 40 broad; and concerning this spot very minute and satisfactory information has been obtained from persons who have carefully examined it, and especially from Capt. Sutherland, late of the ship *Lang*, who is now in London, and who passed an autumn, winter, and spring, on the island.

The following extracts from Capt. Sutherland's Report, and from Peron's *Voyage de Découvertes aux Terres Australes*, will excite rather than satisfy the curiosity of those who may wish to be fully acquainted with the grounds on which the Company in question founds its hopes of success. For further information, we must refer them to the pamphlet before us, which contains charts of the line of coast to be comprised in the charter of Port Lincoln and of Kangaroo Island, as well as a particular account of the objects and means of the Company.

"On the western shore, and near the entrance of Spencer's Gulf, is Port Lincoln, one of the most beautiful and most secure harbours in Australia. The bottom is everywhere excellent, and the soundings are regular from ten to twelve fathoms (French) very close to the shore. The extent of this most magnificent harbour affords sufficient anchorage for any number of ships. At the mouth of the harbour, Boston Island is situated, on each side of which is a passage, free from danger, of between two and three miles in width. Nature seems to have done every thing in favour of this port; for that sterility and monotonous

appearance which marks the land in the neighbourhood, here vanish and give place to a fertility to which we had long been strangers: the land is more elevated, rises quickly from the shore, and is thickly clothed with timber. It is true that we found no stream of fresh water; but the vigour and the freshness of the vegetation, and the elevation of the land, seem to indicate the existence of rivulets, or, at least, of some considerable springs. On this favoured spot the inhabitants must be numerous—for the whole coast appeared to us to be covered with the fires of the natives."—Peron's *Voyage*, vol. ii. p. 202.

"The most interesting part of Spencer's Gulf is the magnificent harbour of Port Lincoln, of which we have already given a description in the fifteenth chapter of this work, but which is well worthy of further notice. The Port is composed of three bays, each of which, from its extent, is capable of containing the combined navies of Europe: the soundings are regular from ten to twelve fathoms, with a soft, muddy bottom. Boston Island is situated at the entrance of this excellent harbour, on either side of which there is a passage, through which the largest man-of-war may work with perfect ease. The narrow passage is the narrowest, and leads into Boston Bay; that on the south is wider, and opens on one side into Western Bay, and on the other into Spalding Cove. Two small islands are placed at the opening of the Southern Bay, which likewise afford good anchorage. The same may be said of Grantham Island, as well as of every part of the Port. Shall I now revert to what I have before stated as to the fertility of the soil? Shall I speak of the beautiful valleys, which appeared to indicate the existence of springs or streams of fresh water? Ought I to dwell on the numerous fires we perceived all along the shores, which led us to conclude that this spot was far more thickly peopled than any other part of the southern coast? Equal, if not superior, to Port Jackson, Port Lincoln is in every respect one of the best and most beautiful harbours in the known world; and of all those we have ever visited on the coast of Australia, it appears to be the most inviting, the most inviting, the most advantageous, for the establishment of an European colony. The peremptory orders we had received from our commander, compelled us to quit this interesting spot before we had time to complete our examination of the Port."—ib. vol. iii. p. 162.

"On the 8th of January, 1819, we arrived at Kangaroo Island from Sydney, after a pleasant passage of fourteen days, during which nothing particular occurred to attract our attention. We anchored in Lagoon Bay, in about four fathoms water (sand and mud), close in shore; our first object being to procure salt to ballast the ship and to cure skins. To facilitate this object two boats were despatched, with five men in each, to discover the salt Lagoon, and ascertain where the seals resorted to round the island. While these two boats were thus engaged, our other boat and three men were employed in searching for water, and examining the various bays and anchorages. During our ramble on this occasion we discovered a well with a small supply of water, near which we observed a flat stone, with some writing on the surface. This appears to be the place where the French navigator watered: the ship and captain's names, with the particular dates, were cut on this stone; but being in French, we paid little or no attention to it, not at the time imagining it would be of consequence at any future period. Close to Point Marsden in Nepean Bay, about twenty yards from the sea at high water, behind the bank washed up by the sea, we dug a hole about four feet deep—it immediately filled with fresh water. We put a cask into it, which was always filled as fast as two hands could bale it out. The water was excellent, as clear as crystal, and I never tasted better. This hole supplied us while we were in Nepean Bay, and so plentifully, that we had no occasion to look further for fresh water thereabouts. When on the south and west coasts of the island, we had no occasion to dig for water, having always found plenty in lagoons close to the beach. The water of the lagoons, though not bad, is not so good as that of the springs: the people settled on the island (mentioned hereafter) had not dug for water till I arrived there, but depended entirely on the lagoons: they, however, followed my example, and I was told had no difficulty in obtaining excellent water by digging in various parts of the island. On the return of the boats, in three or four days, we weighed and stood further into the bay, in a much more safe anchorage, being sheltered from all winds. We moored ship, and each individual took part in pursuing the objects of the voyage: my own lot, with another person, was to stay by the ship, during which time I had many opportunities of examining the bays, harbours, sands, and different anchorages, with many other occurrences and incidents which I could not now relate, from lapse of time. While here, we had abundance of fish of several kinds; the most common was the snapper, some weighing above seven pounds; they are excellent eating, and preferable to some of our English fish: oysters, and every other species of shell-fish, were abundant. These, with our daily supply of kangaroos, enabled us to live in great plenty—indeed, I never was on a voyage which pleased me better, or in which we were better supplied."

"*Harbours and Roadsides*.—Twenty ships could moor within 100 yards of the shore, and the same number anchor in safety further off, the water being always smooth, sheltered by the land from the north-west, and from the southward by Kangaroo Head, and from the north-east by Sutherland's Shoal, extending from the point below Point Marsden about six miles, always dry at half-ebb for nearly the whole distance. The shore is thickly lined with wood and shrubs, interspersed with several high hills protecting the anchorage: the opposite

coast on the main is Cape Jervis, which I should judge to be about fourteen or fifteen miles from the first anchorage, but nearer to Kangaroo Head by three or four miles. The main-land here is very high, and at the head of the bay wears every appearance of an inlet or river.

"The Soil.—I had an opportunity of seeing much of the interior of the island, having crossed the country in company with two sealers, who had been residents on the island for several years. The land wears every appearance of being fertile—a deep loam with coarse grass, abounding with kangaroos and emus: where these animals feed, the grass is much better for pasture. Occasional ponds of rain water are seen, and a plentiful supply of pure spring water is always attainable by digging for it. The land here is as good as any I have seen in Van Diemen's Land; in the neighbourhood of Sydney I have not observed any equal to it. Trees are scattered every where over the plains—the Swamp Oak or Beef-wood, and the Wattle (both of which indicate good land), are growing in abundance here. Close on the shore, within from a quarter to half a mile of the sea, the wood is very thick; but when this belt of wood is passed, you come on to an open country, covered with grass, where there are often hundreds of acres without a tree: I calculated, by comparison with New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, there might be on this plain, on the average, three or four trees to the acre. I once crossed the island, a distance of about sixty miles, in two days. Once past the belt of wood which surrounds the island, we walked straight on end over the plains, found plenty of water in ponds, saw abundance of kangaroos and emus, and met with no difficulty or trouble. As we crossed the island I looked to the right and left, and saw every where the same open plains, now and then changed in appearance by close timber of great height, on high points and ridges of land. In some places we found the grass very high and coarse, in patches; but where the greatest number of kangaroos and emus were found, the grass was short and close. In the other places, short close grass was found between the coarse high patches. Whilst crossing the island we saw plenty of parrots and wild pigeons, and black swans on the lagoons.

"The Climate appeared to me very temperate, and not subject to oppressive heat; nor do the rains fall in torrents as at Sydney; the dew is heavy, but not injurious to health, which we had ample opportunity of proving, owing to the frequent exposure of our men, many of whom have slept under trees and bushes for several nights together, and though almost wet through, never experienced any ill effects. I had fifteen men under my command, and though they were a class of people who take no care of themselves, not one of them was ill during our stay; nor did my own health suffer at all, though I was exposed to all weathers both night and day. January, when I reached the island, is the middle of the summer; and the autumn and winter elapsed during our stay. In the winter it appeared to me much less cold than in Van Diemen's Land; and I observed, generally, that the changes of temperature are less sudden and frequent than in New South Wales.

"The period during which I stayed on and near the island was from the 6th of January to the 1st of August. I myself landed only once on the main, in the light between Point Riley and Corry Point. The soil was thickly covered with timber and brushwood. Some of my men landed at several different places on the main, being sometimes absent three weeks at a time in search of seals. On these occasions they carried with them bread and some salt meat; but having a musket and a dog with them, they always obtained fresh meat (kangaroo) when on the main, as well as on some of the islands. On these expeditions they never took fresh water with them. They often spoke of the places they had seen as being very pleasant. I never saw or heard of any native dogs on the island of Kangaroo; and, from the very great number of kangaroos, do not believe that there are any. Some of the kangaroos which I killed on the island weighed 130 lbs. Our men used to go to hunt them at sun-rise, when they leave the woods to feed on the grassy plains. I have known as many as fifteen taken by my men in one morning. We never touched any part but the hind quarters."—*Captain Sutherland's Report.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR NOVEMBER.

12^d 22^d—the Sun will eclipse Mercury; a celestial occurrence that, from its nature, will not be visible either with the eye or telescope. This passage of the Sun over Mercury will, however, be interesting as the precursor of the positions of these bodies relative to the Earth on the ensuing 5th of May, 1832,* when the planet will transit the disc of the Sun, and appear on it as a circular black spot for nearly seven

* The year 1832 will be distinguished by several remarkable celestial phenomena. The comet of Encke will cross the earth's orbit in the spring, and the comet of Biela (the dredged comet of 1832) in the autumn. In May a transit of Mercury; in July a solar eclipse, remarkable for the minuteness of the obscuration— $\frac{1}{3}$ only of the sun's diameter will be concealed. Several occultations of the planets will occur during the year. In September the ring of Saturn will disappear.

hours. This interesting phenomenon will be visible, from its commencement to its termination, to the whole of Europe and a great part of Africa; the ingress will be visible to Asia, and the egress to America. There is no doubt but that every lover of the science of astronomy, within the limits of the visibility of the transit, will endeavour to witness the spectacle—to see this bright and beautiful gem, that shines with such a rosy brilliancy as the morning or evening star—now melting away in the full effulgence of the rising day, and then heralding the bright hosts of stars to glitter on the midnight sky,—to see this lovely jewel of the ruddy dawn or evening shades enter on the Sun's glowing orb, with not merely dimmed splendour, but shrouded in intense blackness, pursuing its course over a field of glory, yet clad in gloom;—such a phenomenon will not fail to interest; and the observer, as he marks the blackness of the planet in contrast with the splendour of the Sun, may apply the celebrated line to the messenger of the gods—

"Dark with excessive light his robes appear."

The eclipses and transits of Mercury, for many centuries to come, can take place only in the months of May and November: there will be eleven transits between the present period and the year 2000, of which the following will be visible in this country:—5th May, 1832; 8th May, 1846; 9th November, 1848; 11th November, 1861; 4th November, 1868; 6th May, 1878. The next transits of Venus visible in this country, will be in the years 1832 and 2004.

22^d 12^h 35^m—the Sun enters Sagittarius.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

| | D. | H. | M. |
|-------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| ● New Moon in Libra..... | 4 | 1 | 38 |
| ○ First Quarter in Capricornus..... | 12 | 6 | 45 |
| ○ Full Moon in Taurus..... | 19 | 6 | 57 |
| ○ Last Quarter in Leo..... | 26 | 22 | 28 |

The Moon will be in conjunction with

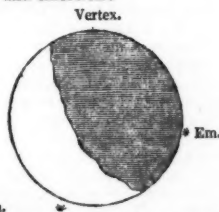
| | D. | H. | M. |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|----|----|
| Venus in Virgo..... | 1 | 6 | 45 |
| Mars in Virgo..... | 2 | 21 | 30 |
| Mercury in Libra..... | 3 | 13 | 25 |
| Uranus in Capricornus..... | 11 | 14 | 0 |
| Jupiter in Capricornus..... | 11 | 21 | 0 |
| Regulus..... | an occultation. | | |
| Saturn in Leo..... | an occultation. | | |
| Venus in Virgo..... | 29 | 17 | 40 |

Occultation of Regulus.—25^d—the immersion of this bright star in Leo will occur before the rising of the Moon: the star will emerge from behind the Moon's dark limb at 10^h 37^m.

Occultation of Saturn.—26^d—This will be an exceedingly interesting phenomenon, should the atmosphere prove favourable. The following are the times of immersion and emersion:

| | H. | M. | S. |
|----------------|----|----|----|
| Immersion..... | 16 | 46 | 13 |
| Emersion..... | 17 | 54 | 36 |

The following diagram will illustrate the phase and position of the Moon, and the points of immersion and emersion:



The ring of Saturn is now very contracted (it will be invisible 29th Sept. 1832): the proportion of the major to the minor axis, on the morning of the occultation, will be as 1000 is to 53. When Saturn was occulted on the 30th October, 1825, a singular phenomenon was ob-

served—that part of the ring of Saturn which last emerged from the Moon's dark limb was rendered sensibly more obtuse, and at the instant after separation approximated to a rectangular boundary: a similar appearance was also observed on the orb as it escaped from behind the dark edge of the Moon.

8^d 5^m—Mercury in conjunction with 1.2 = Libra: difference of latitude 1' and 3". 12^d—inferior conjunction. 21^d—in aphelion.

30^d—Venus will be at her greatest splendour as a morning star.

26^d 8^h—Mars in conjunction with 1.2 = Libra: difference of latitude 1' and $\frac{1}{2}$ ".

The Asteroids.

| | D. | H. | M. | N.D. | 18 | 15 |
|----------------------------|----|----|----|------|----|----|
| Vesta .. 4 R.A. 8 49 | 28 | 9 | 6 | 18 | 6 | |
| Juno .. 4 | 28 | 9 | 52 | 3 | 9 | |
| Pallas .. 28 | 28 | 16 | 19 | 0 | 35 | |
| Ceres .. 4 | 28 | 19 | 37 | 1 | 17 | |
| | 28 | 20 | 1 | S.D. | 0 | 47 |
| | 28 | 20 | 58 | 27 | 52 | |
| | 28 | 21 | 22 | 25 | 23 | |

6^d 12^h 15^m—Jupiter in quadrature. 19^d—in conjunction with Capricorn: difference of latitude 24".

Eclipses of the Satellites.

| | D. | H. | M. | S. |
|----------------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| First Satellite, emersion..... | 14 | 6 | 59 | 8 |
| | 21 | 8 | 54 | 54 |
| | 30 | 5 | 19 | 34 |
| Second Satellite, immersion..... | 24 | 7 | 21 | 49 |
| Third Satellite, immersion..... | 3 | 5 | 51 | 56 |
| emersion .. 3 | 9 | 24 | 3 | |
| Fourth Satellite .. 2 | 7 | 28 | 2 | |

3^d 7^h 30^m—Uranus in quadrature.

Telescopio Objects.—The following telescopic objects will be in favourable positions for observation during the month:

Taurus.—The Pleiades are a cluster of stars in the neck of Taurus, the brightest stars of which are Asterope, Taigeta, Maia, Celino, Electra, Pleione, Merope, and Atlas. The Hyades are an asterism in the face of Taurus; Aldebaran represents the southern eye, and the northern. Aldebaran is a double star, also the following: γ , α , ν , σ , ϕ , χ , δ , 30, 62, 66, 88, 103, 105, 111, 114, 117, and 118. Triple stars δ and ϵ ; above 1.2 δ is a triple star. 140, near to Propus, is a quintuple star; north of ζ is a nebula with a whitish light, elongated like the flame of a taper; 41 is supposed to be a variable star.

Orion.—Betelgeux and Bellatrix, the stars in the shoulders of Orion, present a remarkable contrast of colour; α is composed of five stars; between γ and ζ is a cluster of stars; near 73 a cluster; between Betelgeux and λ a cluster; Rigel, the bright star in the foot of Orion, is a beautiful double star; the following are also double— δ , ζ , ν , λ , ϕ , ψ , 23, 26, 32, 33, 52, 59, and 68; θ is a quintuple star; ϵ is a double-triple star; ι is a multiple star; near 67 and 70 is a multiple star, consisting of twelve stars. The nebula in the sword-handle of Orion is one of the most remarkable in the heavens; two new stars have been discovered near the four that form the trapezium in the nebula, one of which is supposed to be a variable star.

Occultations in the Hyades.—Oct. 23 (see Lit. Gaz. No. 767). The emersion of γ Tauri was not seen, owing to the lunar disc being obscured by strata of dark clouds.

| | H. | M. | S. |
|-------------------------|----|----|----|
| 1 μ —Immersion..... | 9 | 27 | 38 |

This star appeared to linger at the edge of the disc previous to immersion.

| | H. | M. | S. |
|--------------------------|----|----|----|
| 2 μ —Immersion..... | 9 | 30 | 33 |
| emersion | 10 | 4 | 42 |
| 1 μ —emersion | 10 | 16 | 29 |
| Aldebaran—Immersion..... | 12 | 58 | 12 |
| emersion | 14 | 4 | 8 |

The singular phenomenon of the projection of Aldebaran on the lunar disc was never so distinctly seen as on this occasion. At 58^m 1^s the rate of motion of the star seemed to be slower; at 58^m 4^s it was apparently arrested, and clung to the disc till 58^m 8^s; from this time till its final immersion (58^m 12^s) it appeared completely within the lunar disc, thus:



When thus situated, it had lost its ruddy colour, and appeared perfectly white, or of the colour of the Moon. At its emersion nothing particular was observed; the star shone forth at once with its usual colour and brilliancy. The sky was beautifully clear.

Deftford.

J. T. BARKER.

COMMITTEE OF SCIENCE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 25. Mr. Cox in the chair. The remainder of Dr. Bancroft's letter was read on the specimens he had sent to the Society. He particularly referred to a fine yellow snake of great beauty, thirty-eight inches in length, of the genus *coluber*.

Mr. Owen made some further observations on the anatomy of the crocodile. He pointed out the resemblance between its anatomy and that of birds, in the different excretory ducts terminating in one external opening or cloaca. He particularly described two small ducts communicating with the peritoneal cavity. He compared this with analogous openings in the shark and ray, and which have been supposed to be in some degree subservient to respiration, similar to the *spiracula* of insects or the lamprey. Mr. Owen also made some observations on the anatomy of the dugong, a specimen of which had been received, although in a very putrid and decomposed state. Some living specimens of the common bat, *vespertilio murinus*, were on the table.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of the Continental Annual. From Drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. F.S.A. Smith, Elder, and Co.

As the proprietor of this clever publication justly says, "it is unnecessary to apologise for the appearance of a new Landscape Annual, at a period when a taste for the fine arts seems to keep pace so fairly, in this country, with the love of foreign travel;" "a fashionable appetite," he slyly adds, to which he "was desirous of administering at a much less expense than its gratification has hitherto cost."

The merits of Mr. Prout are much too well known to render any eulogium on our part necessary. The amateurs of the arts, by a comparison of the plates under our notice with those of *The Landscape Annual*, from drawings by Mr. Stanfield, will be able to estimate the respective qualities of these two eminent artists. There is one distinct difference between the publications, and it is agreeable, as producing variety; namely, that the subjects in the *Continental Annual* are chiefly, although not exclusively, public and other buildings. In the clear and

brilliant manner in which Mr. Prout treats such subjects, he has been ably seconded by the gravers of Messrs. J. Le Keux, J. T. Willmore, E. J. Roberts, W. Wallis, T. Barber, J. H. Kernot, J. Carter, S. Fisher, and W. Floyd. The "Cathedral Tower at Antwerp," the "View in Ghent," the "City and Bridge of Prague," the "Port and Lake of Como," and the "City and Bridge of Dresden," are among our favourites.

Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo. Painted by David Wilkie, R.A. Engraved by John Burnet. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

WE congratulate Mr. Burnet on the completion of his arduous undertaking, and still more, on the completion of it in a manner that reflects the greatest honour on his talents; and that must be in the highest degree satisfactory and gratifying not only to every lover of the arts, but to every lover of his country; with one of the most splendid and important triumphs of whose arms this noble and interesting print is so intimately connected. As several years have elapsed since the exhibition of the original picture at Somerset House, many of our readers may not have seen it; and we cannot more explicitly communicate to them a notion of its general character and object, than by quoting a part of the description affixed to the key to the print.

"This picture was painted for his Grace the Duke of Wellington, in the year 1822, and commemorates that great and final victory which, at Waterloo, closed our triumphs over Napoleon on land, as that of Trafalgar closed them by sea. The scene is laid in that picturesque street or way leading from Pimlico to Chelsea Hospital, in which trees, public-houses, and the fine architecture of Wren, intermingle; and the time is the season when pensioners receive their pay, and indulge themselves with spending it in the open air. The painter has gathered together veterans and invalids of all regiments, of all countries, and of all campaigns, from the days of Wolfe to those of Wellington; he has seated them, with their wives and their companions, at a social carouse; the flagon is busy, cheered on by the fife and the bagpipe; and the whole are excited by the hourly expectation of news from abroad of a great and decisive battle between the British and the French. Into the midst of this scene a soldier of the Lancers comes on the spur, with the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo. The revelry ceases, only for a more joyous renewal; windows and doors are filled by eager and gaping listeners; while a veteran soldier of Wolfe's reads the account aloud."

Of all the beauties of this fine and animated composition, the greatest is undoubtedly the expression of the different heads. This is a quality which was most likely to suffer in a transfer to copper; and yet this is precisely the quality in which Mr. Burnet seems to us to have been most happy. It is true, that in the general breadth and effect, in the force and prominence of some parts, in the due subordination of others, in the characteristic representation of the multiplied details, in the aerial tone of the back-ground, in the delicacy of finish, and in technical execution, he has acquitted himself admirably; but his success in that most difficult of all achievements, preserving the expression of the various countenances, has been pre-eminent. Whether our attention is drawn to the pensioner who is reading the Gazette, to the Highlander who is

eagerly questioning the lancer, to the sergeant who is exultingly throwing up his child into the air, to the sable musician who is listening with delight to the details of the battle, to the soldier's wife who is anxiously examining the list of killed and wounded, to the guardsman who is stretching from a distant window to try to ascertain the cause of all the agitation, to the gourmand who does not allow the good news to interrupt his feast, to the girl who is coquettishly adjusting the combs in her hair, or, last, and perhaps best of all, to the veteran whose dulled faculties can scarcely be made to comprehend the glorious intelligence,—we are equally struck with the vividness and fidelity of the expression.

Comparatively unimportant as the matter may be, we cannot pass unnoticed the exquisite texture and tint of the paper on which the proofs of this masterly plate have been worked off.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday *King John* was performed by Macready with masterly skill and powerful effect; and Miss Phillips, for the first time, assumed the part of *Lady Constance*. We will not enter into a detailed criticism of her personation of this trying character, but content ourselves with saying, that in it Miss Phillips afforded striking additional proof of the rapid development of those talents which, we have all along foreseen, (though often under circumstances little favourable to her), must raise her to the foremost rank in the highest branch of her profession. It was hardly fair to put Miss Kenneth into *Arthur*; for, clever as she is, she is not an actress of all work.

COVENT GARDEN.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Eighth*, always a dull acting play, but occasionally attractive from the number of its processions, was revived here on Monday with considerable splendour; for we were not only treated with the banquet, the trial, and the christening, as heretofore, but we had also the coronation of Anne Bullen, "selected from the most authentic documents." Besides these inducements, there was an alteration in the cast of some of the leading characters; and as we look upon the appropriation of the *dramatis personæ* to be of more importance than any mere piece of pageantry, however splendid, we shall give the preference to the actors, and leave the scenes and dresses to the last. On this occasion Miss Kemble appeared, for the first time, in *Queen Katharine*; and we regret that we cannot bestow on her performance that unqualified praise it has so often been our pleasure to award her. As far as a correct reading of the part—as far as a judicious delivery of the words—as far as a perfect knowledge of stage effect, and a strict attention to stage business, could go, so far Miss Kemble may claim our commendation. The meek sorrows and the virtuous distress of the much-injured queen were well portrayed; but when quiet dignity or bitter scorn were requisite, as in her replies to *Wolsey* and her usher in the trial scene, there was a comparative falling off and failure of effect. Miss Kemble also is too *petite* in figure, and too youthful in appearance, for the representative of one who has been twenty years a wife, is six years older than her husband, and has borne him many children. If, however, the daughter failed in what was in some measure unavoidable, the father went to an opposite extreme in what might have

been remedied with ease,—for he made himself considerably older and uglier than was at all required of him. Mr. Kemble may recollect, that at the period of the opening of the play, Henry is under forty years of age; and although he is described and drawn as of a full habit and a bluff countenance, yet we can see no reason (but, according to all history, the very reverse,) for his being turned into a "huge hill of flesh," or for exhibiting a face and head like nothing we have ever seen, excepting, perhaps, in some of "Martin's" companions at the opposite establishment. Neither can we give him much credit for his delineation of the character, which was far from being acted with his usual skill: besides which, he had frequent need of the assistance of the prompter,—a fault in him we never had occasion to remark before. Mr. Young's *Wolsey* is not one of his happiest performances; but he played with care; and his "farewell" and advice to Cromwell were given with so much feeling as to call down well-merited applause. Miss Tree was sufficiently attractive in *Anne Bullen* to "tempt a weaker appetite," and please the fancy of a less licentious monarch. Mr. J. Mason, treading in his uncle's steps, was a respectable *Cromwell*; and Mrs. Gibbs and Keeley were able representatives of the prurient Lady Denny and the "merry gamester my Lord Sands." The play passed off heavily for the first four acts; but in the fifth the gods fell foul upon the bishops, and then we had nothing but riot and disturbance. Egerton, who played "his Grace of Canterbury," looked very grave upon the matter, and conducted himself with so much decorum as to have deserved a better fate; but Meadows, who enacted "my Lord of Winchester," richly deserved the vengeance of the offended deities; for a more graceless and vulgar wearer of the lawn and mitre it would have been difficult to find: indeed, we cannot see the necessity (although it has always been the custom) of giving this part to a low comedian; there might have been found many actors in the company who would have done more justice to it. The ceremony of the coronation in the Abbey was splendid in the extreme, but we think the show would be improved by the omission of the out-door procession. Some of the dresses, when so near the lamps, look a little the worse for wear; and some of the supernumeraries who are thrust into them are very queer-looking sort of persons. The *Lord Chancellor*, amongst others, excited in no small degree the contempt and laughter of the audience. We were glad to see so good a house; and when one of our theatres is turned into a menagerie, it is but fair that those who have yet some respect left for Shakespeare and the drama should have an opportunity of encouraging a legitimate performance at the other. The new scenery is pretty and appropriate.

On Thursday a Mr. S. Bennett, who, if we remember rightly, tried the same part some four or five years ago, repeated the character of *Simpson* in *Simpson & Co.* He is a dapper little man, of considerable talent, on which we shall deliver our opinion more at large hereafter.

The drama to-night, *the Army of the North*, by Mr. Planché, is, we learn, founded on the escape of Romans from Funes—an event which so greatly inspired the dawning cause of the Spanish patriots. It is an interesting subject.

THE ADELPHI.

THE nightly bill of fare at this theatre continues, and must long continue, to tempt crowded audiences: we have not even a cri-

tical complaint to offer, except that there is, perhaps, too much to enjoy. For ourselves, we should be more than satisfied with *Victorine*, and the *Lions of the Mysore*: the former a piece of mingled character and touching pathos—the latter the most laughable burlesque that has been seen upon the English stage for many years. In a slight preceding notice we spoke of *Victorine* (on its first representation) as a very delightful and well-sustained drama; but it is now greatly improved, and a more natural and perfect performance than that of Mrs. Yates in the heroine never was seen. In all the changes of her part,—the light-hearted sempstress, the high-lived giddy yet occasionally remorse-stricken duchess, the ruined and repentant window, and, last of all, the *Victorine* cured of her inclination to folly, and happier than ever,—she depicts the various feelings with a degree of truth and effect which stamps her at the head of this style of acting. Yates, too, is admirable: laughable and amusing in the two younger acts, (if we may so call them,) his aged *roué*, in the last, is deception in appearance, and almost too good in delineation. Nor should Mrs. Fitzwilliam be forgotten in our panegyric; she is only second to Mrs. Yates because her character is second. Her last scenes, as the old and reduced orange-seller, could not be surpassed. To say that Reeve, Buckstone, and O. Smith, also contribute largely in their several lines to fill up the attractions of this excellent piece, is simply to inform our readers that they cannot have a superior treat in anything upon the boards at this time. With regard to the *Lions of the Mysore*, we know not how to describe them; but we can give an idea of their powers, by confessing (horresco referens) that we, in common with boxes, pit, and gallery, laughed loudly at them nearly throughout their gambols. Reeve, as the hero lion, is inexpressibly ludicrous; nor is Wilkinson in the tiger, Buckstone in the kangaroo, (or its ghost, we believe,) Mrs. Fitzwilliam in the wild cat, the length of a tail behind him in whim and humour. Yates, as manager and boa constrictor, cements the menagerie most happily together; and after sympathising with *Victorine*, we find hearty relief in these more than beasts.

OLYMPIC.

A NEW burletta, entitled *Gervase Skinner*, was produced here for the first time on Monday. It is taken from the tale of the same name in Hook's *Sayings and Doings*, and went off, as theatrical folks say, "very pleasantly." Liston was the representative of Gervase, and did enough to make us wish for more: he excited so much mirth with a shaved head, as we should think, would make him henceforth forswear his raven locks. The other *dramatis personæ* are not of much consequence. A little fracas relative to the encore of a song by Madame Vestris took place in the course of the evening: by way of advice, we say that neither a petulant air nor a pouting lip are half so pretty in a female, or so profitable to a theatre, as winning manners and inviting smiles.

On Thursday a little piece, called the *Love-Spell*, founded on Scribe's popular opera *Le Philtre*, was also produced here, to the credit of an enterprising and active management. It is the production, we hear, of Mr. Ryde, the author of only "*One Fault*" before, at the City Theatre; but this cannot be called a second. He has selected very cleverly from a full drama, and cut it down to a pretty little piece, well calculated to gratify any audience. The performers acquitted themselves to ad-

miration; and, on the whole, this whet of Auber's music has excited our appetite for the whole meal, promised at Drury on Thursday.

VARIETIES.

The Pine.—A pine-tree has been discovered in the Umpqua country, to the southward of the Columbia, the circumference of which is 57 feet; its height 216 feet, without branches!

Fire-Escape.—Mr. Week, brewer, Stockwell, has invented a fire-escape; with which, we observe from the newspapers, some very satisfactory experiments were made last Wednesday. It consists of a large sheet of canvass, so disposed as to admit of individuals throwing themselves into it from any height, without the danger of broken limbs, or hurt of any kind.

Royal Society of Literature.—A meeting of the building committee and council of this Society took place on Monday, in their new house, in St. Margaret's Place (such, we believe, is to be the name of the side of the new street opposite St. Martin's church), when the various necessary arrangements were made for opening the ensuing session. The principal room is very handsome; and the whole design reflects honour even on the skill and taste of Mr. Decimus Burton, who in the most handsome manner presented it gratuitously to the Society.

The Pitt Press.—On Tuesday week, Lord Camden, Lord Farnborough, and Mr. Banks, visited Cambridge, as a committee of the Pitt Club, accompanied by several other noblemen, dignitaries of the church, and gentlemen, to lay the foundation of the public building, to be called the *Pitt Press*, erected out of the surplus of the fund subscribed for a monument to the memory of that great patriot and distinguished statesman. A more admirable use could not have been made of this fund. The ceremony, as described in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, was very impressive; and it is to be hoped that the diffusion of much that is good for man to know will proceed from this auspicious establishment.

Theatres.—In these discordant times there are stirrs every where, and we cannot expect the public theatres to escape. We have elsewhere noticed Madame Vestris's Ellistonian appeal to her pit—the more's the pity—but this was not the only occasion in which she had to come forward. On another night she also had to deal with some refractory subjects, and disobeyed to the goddess of the stage: some of the evils out of Pandora's box surely alight among them. Then at Drury, Mr. Wallack had to call in the police to quell the drunken loyalty of some gentlemen, who insisted upon some half-dozen God save's the King. On Monday the Adelphi was disturbed by an alarm of fire, which required all the manager's presence of mind and firmness to prevent leading to a fatal alarm;—and they hiss the Bishops in Covent Garden!

Pun.—A punster said that a young lady, desirous of being married, was a *belle* that wanted *ringing*.—*American Paper*.

Paris in London.—Heaven forbid! Yet such is the title of a new journal, No. I. of which has just been sent to us. London is wicked enough as it is: what would it be with Paris in its capacious stomach? The paper is, nevertheless, a pleasant *mélange*—we quote an anecdote or two from it.

"The poor Baron de F—, so good, so little, so thin, raised the report of his own death. 'Good heavens! this report is without foundation,' said Madame de C—; 'for to-day, on his paying me a visit, I discovered him,

though not immediately; for out of spite he had hid himself behind his cane.

"A romantic individual was asked why he shewed greater attachment to a very thin lady than to another who was more lusty. 'It is,' said he, 'because I am nearer her heart.'

"An individual named Shakespear drowned himself lately in Paris: on learning the news, another remarked, 'that it was a great loss to the English stage; but he thought that that author had been dead many years.'

"A humorous young fellow having bought a water-proof hat, and wishing to play off a joke, washed his head, and whilst it was steaming with water, he ran to the hat-maker and complained of his deceiving him. 'Ah!' said the latter, 'I see how it is, sir—you came out in the rain.'"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XLIII. Oct. 20.]

A new edition will shortly appear of *Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy*.

Nicotiana, or the Smoker and Snuff-taker's Companion. Cameron, a Novel, is nearly ready for publication.

The Shakespearean Dictionary, being a complete Collection of the Expressions of Shakespeare, in Prose and Verse, from a few Words to fifty or more Lines; to each extract is prefixed an appropriate Synonym, and the whole is arranged in alphabetical order. [This ought to be a complete Concordance, a publication much wanted.—Ed. G.]

A Familiar Compendium of the Law of Debtor and Creditor, by John H. Brady.

The Jew, a novel, so long announced, is about to appear.

Letters of a German Prince; being a Journal of a Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in 1829 and 1829: translated from the German.

Mr. C. Swain, author of "Metrical Essays," has nearly ready for publication, the *Mind, a Poem, in Two Parts*, with other Poems; embodying a second edition of the Beauties of the Mind, a Poetical Sketch.

The new edition of Mr. Stebbing's *Lives of the Italian Poets* is to comprise several additional Lives, including that of Ugo Foscolo, with extracts from his private Letters, and particulars relating to his last hours.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Wilton's Medical Case-Book, oblong 8vo. 6s. cloth.—Brown's Sketches and Anecdotes of Quadrupeds, royal 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Comic Offering for 1832, fcp. 12s. 6d.—Kennedy's History of the Indian Cholera, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Song of Albion, by Henry Sewell Stokes, 8vo. 9s. bds.—Pocock's Account-Book for 1831, 3s. sewed.—False Step, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.—Romance of History, Italy, by Charles Macfarlane, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds.—Little Library, the Public Buildings of the City of London, square 12mo. 3s. 6d. hf. bd.—Crosby's Housekeeper's Account-Book, 1832, 2s. sewed.—Doddley's Cellar-Book for 1832, 1s. 6d. sewed.—Continental Library, by William Kennedy, Esq. 8vo. 14s. morocco; royal 8vo. India proofs, 1l. 10s. morocco; Illustrations to ditto, proofs, 18s.; on India paper, 1l. 5s.; before letters, 1l. 11s. 6d.—A New Medical Pocket, 32mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Hughes's Divines, No. XVIII. Hall's Contemplations, Vol. I. 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. XXIII. Plutarch, Vol. I. fcp. 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. V. Tom Jones, Vol. I. fcp. 5s. bds.—Dr. Nares' Life of Lord Bury, Vol. III. 4to. 3s. 3s. bds.—Lives of Female Sovereigns, 2 vols. post 8vo. 9s. bds.—The Columbia River, by Ross Cox, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.—Standard Novels, Vol. IX. Frankenstein complete, and the Ghost-Seer, Vol. I. fcp. 6s. bds.—The Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained and illustrated, 18mo. 6s. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we are obliged, by temporary matters, to defer Reviews of Letters on England and Ireland, the Romance of History (Italy); and several other novelties; besides some continuations. We must also ask the indulgence of many correspondents.

The story of the Young Queen in Ackermann's *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, which, from its signature, we attributed to Miss Isabel Hill, is not, we are informed, from the pen of that lady, whose productions we have so frequently had occasion to notice with laudation.

The Author of "the False Step" assures us that it is a first attempt; an assurance which increases our expectation in regard to what she may hereafter publish, having, as observed in our remarks upon it, been led by its merits to suppose it proceeded from a more experienced hand.

The communication relative to Palenque, which we appended as a note to our remarks on these interesting ruins, in our last No., was, we learn, addressed to the *Globe* newspaper, and not to the *Times*, which only copied it from the former. In town one sees the evening papers less regularly than those of the morning, which may account for our misquotation.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—The following Classes open on Tuesday, the 1st of November, when Mr. Malden will deliver an Introductory Lecture at Three o'clock.

On Wednesday, at Three o'clock, the Professor of Mathematics will deliver an Introductory Lecture.

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Professor Rennie will, on Wednesday the 3d of November next, at Three o'clock in the Afternoon, deliver the Opening Lecture of his Course on "The Habits of Animals," and he will continue this Course, at the Theatre Royal, on Tuesday, Wednesday, through a Series of Twelve Lectures. The Fee for the Course is 1l. 1s.

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